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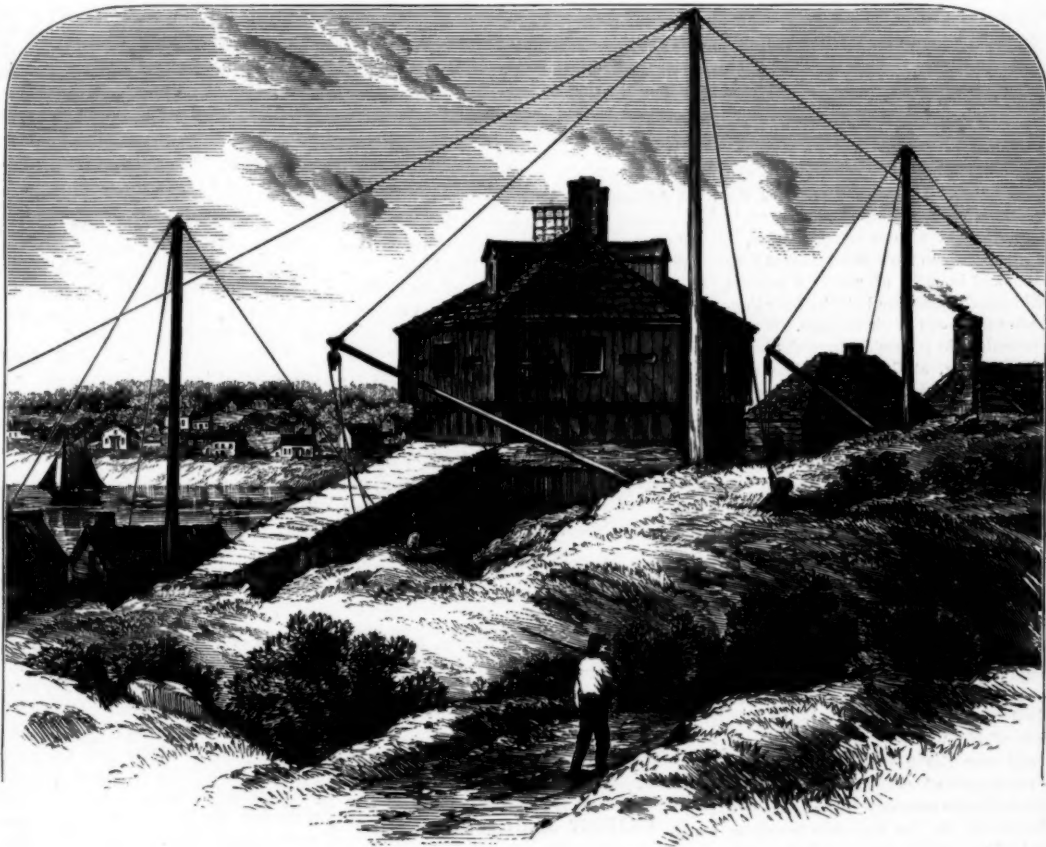
[VOL. XI.

## AT KITTERY POINT, MAINE.

IN order to understand what a New-England village was like, a century ago, one should visit Kittery Point. Though recently become a place of much resort, and possessing an excellent location, it has neither modern villas nor sea-side cottages of the palatial order. There is not a house in the

pearance finished, was dozing quietly away in the sun, like any decayed old seaport that has seen its gradually-decreasing commerce finally pass altogether to its more enterprising neighbors. An idea of everlasting rest hung about its old houses, its empty warehouses, and its unfinished fortress, not essen-

The inhabitants live upon the traditions of the past, and still talk of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, knight; of Francis Champernowne, gentleman; and of Sir William Pepperell, baronet. There are houses which have been inhabited by the same family, from generation to generation, for more than two hundred years.



BLOCK-HOUSE AND FORT, KITTERY POINT.

village that can compare with the stables on the avenue at Newport; but the shore is not yet fenced in, and you may ramble the whole day without once meeting with a sign-board labeled "private grounds," or seeing a lackey in livery.

A year or two ago, the place, to all ap-

tially different from what was experienced while deciphering the fast-perishing inscriptions of the village church-yard. Pilgrims came and viewed the historic mansions, and went their way. It is the most delightfully ruinous old corner I have chanced upon in many a day.

Side by side are the parsonage and the little village church. The former, spruced up with paint, would appear to pass itself off for a modern, but the artifice is only skin-deep on its ancient countenance.

The church, with the drollest little spire, and the most extraordinary weather-vane, is

a gem. It owns no innovations, retaining the square pews that make one's back ache to look at them; the old semicircular pulpit, with its simple ornaments; and a gallery thrown across one end of the house, from which that ancient village ogre, the tithing-man, brought down his long, black wand with a resounding thwack upon the pates of unruly or sleepy urchins of the parish.

Built as long ago as 1714, its frame was hewed in the forests ten miles up the river, and floated down with the tide—much old Santa Cruz being spilled, I venture to affirm, when it was raised. Strange to say, according to tradition, its predecessor vanished in a flash of lightning, no man having witnessed its disappearance.

It was after a sultry day in midsummer that a furious thunder-storm arose. The dwellings were few and scattered. A villager, whose wife lay ill, crossed the little creek, in his skiff, to Crockett's Neck, for assistance. On his return with a female companion, while he bent to his sculls, the woman scanned the opposite shore with a startled look. Shutting her eyes in order to assure herself that she was awake, she at last screamed out, "Sakes preserve us, man! where's the meeting-house?" "Why, where should it be but where it always was?" queried, in his turn, the phlegmatic oarsman. "Look!" ejaculated the affrighted good-wife. To be sure, the sacred edifice was not to be seen, and, on reaching the spot, nothing but a few embers remained of the structure. I have not searched the parish records for this scrap of its history.

In coming out of the meeting-house, a field of graves lies on the wooded slope at your left hand, and in front of you is a ruinous but still imposing mansion built by Lady Pepperell after the death of Sir William. It very much resembles in its architecture the house of Mr. Longfellow, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was intended to be at once worthy the residence of the widow of a baronet and the most elegant house of which the village could boast. At present it is nothing but a wreck.

The village boys, who consider it haunted, have broken the windows, so that the weather has entrance everywhere. The massive hall-door hangs by a single fastening. One of the fluted pilasters of the front is rotting away from its base. The house looks as if it had never been painted, and the out-buildings, fences, and shrubbery, speak plainly enough of poverty and neglect.

About 1800 it came into possession of Captain Joseph Cutts, who was ruined by the embargo of Mr. Jefferson and the War of 1812, and now lies buried just across the way, under one of the most conspicuous monuments in the cemetery. The house now affords an asylum for the only surviving member of the family, whose seclusion supplies an inexhaustible theme for the village gossips.

A short walk from the Cutts House brings you to Fort McClary, named for that stout soldier Major Andrew McClary, killed at Bunker Hill. The battle was over, when McClary, in attempting to reconnoitre the British position, was struck by a shot from the Glasgow frigate, whose batteries played

all that day with fatal effect upon Charles-town Neck. McClary was a giant in stature and strength, and had fought valiantly under John Stark, whose lieutenant he was worthy to be.

The fort occupies the site of the old garrison erected during the first half-century of the settlement, perhaps as early as Philip's War. A small work was inclosed about 1700, and called Pepperell's Fort, the elder William Pepperell having then a command in the militia. This was one of the places to which Colonel Church was directed to send his wounded at the time of his expedition against the Eastern Indians, in 1704. After the War of 1812, the block-house and quarters seen in the illustration were built. A portion of the work is excavated out of the solid rock on which it stands. It is, while I write, being armed with heavy ordnance, as well as undergoing enlargement, but a few feet of the old stockade, by which it was once surrounded, may still be seen.

The guns bear directly on the mouth of the river, and their fire may also cross that of Fort Constitution, at Newcastle, on the New-Hampshire side, distant about a mile. The government is now building earthworks on the outermost points of land on either shore of the river.

Seated on the rampart of the fort, you may easily distinguish the Isles of Shoals, directly off the mouth of the river. Whale's-Back Light-house, on Wood Island, guards the entrance to the Piscataqua. It is the ancient boast of New Hampshire that it was the only State in which the enemy did not possess a foot of ground during the Revolution.

In full view is the house of Sir William Pepperell, of Louisburg fame,\* and the very ancient dwelling of Bray, the bluff old shipwright whose daughter, Margery, Sir William's father wooed and won after some rebuffs from her father, who did not think the suitor a fitting match for his daughter. In a large, open field, in front of the Pepperell Hotel, is the tomb of the Pepperells. Yonder the road goes straggling over the hills to Old York, and hither to Gerrish's Island, first called Dartington, and then Champernowne's Island, from Francis Champernowne, who lived and died there. But I have reached the limit of history in this direction, and my horizon is bounded by the ocean.

SAMUEL A. DRAKE.

## A DAUGHTER OF BOHEMIA.

A NOVEL.

By CHRISTIAN REID.

### CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

Max, meanwhile, had overtaken, without very much difficulty, the young lady in a purple muslin dress, which had not been donned for his benefit, since it was the same in which she had appeared at both breakfast and luncheon, who was sauntering along under a sun-

umbrella. Hearing his step, she had paused and turned round—brightening into wonderful beauty, he thought, as she smiled at his approach.

"Is that your usual rate of walking?" she asked, as he gained her side. "If so, you must get over a great deal of ground in a very short time."

"Is it your usual custom to come out at three P. M. of a July day? If so, you must be proof against sunstrokes and fevers."

"It is very uncivil to answer a question by asking one."

"I only wanted to show you that other things, as well as your present exercise, may be exceptional."

"My present exercise is for a purpose," said she. "What was the good of attempting to talk to you in the house?—and I saw you had something to say to me."

"You are quite right," he answered. "I have something to say to you—something which brought me over from Strafford—but I really cannot imagine how you could have expected me to follow you, without a word to notify me of your intention of going out."

"Are you so stupid that words are necessary for you?" asked she. "I have known some men who might really have dispensed with language. A tone, a glance, was enough for them. One did not need to say, point-blank, 'Monsieur, put on your hat and meet me in the garden.' They knew—they divined—without a word."

"What remarkably clever fellows they must have been!" said Max. "But you might have discovered, some time ago, that I do not belong to such a class. I need words—the plainer the better. The proof of it is that it was only by chance I saw you—only by chance that I am here now."

"You must have been blind if you had not seen me!" said she, impatiently. "What! a woman in a purple dress walk across a green lawn in full view of an open window, and you tell me that it was only 'by chance' you saw her! You ought to have borrowed Mrs. Sandford's eye-glasses! She has so little need for them that she might readily have spared them."

"That would have been turning her weapons against herself with a vengeance."

"You mean that she was so anxious for you to remain? You share the proverbial modesty of your sex, I perceive! But, since you are here, suppose we proceed to business? You did not come for pleasure any more than I did, I am sure."

"Speak for yourself!" said he, smiling. Her dauntless coolness and self-possession amused, even while it piqued him a little. He wondered if it would not be possible to make her cheeks flush, her eyes droop, her ready tongue falter. Nothing was more unlikely, but he had an odd desire to see such a transformation.

"Indeed, I have not the least disposition to speak for you," said she, in answer to his last speech. "You have a tongue: you are able to do that for yourself" (this in rather a disparaging tone, as if there might be several other things which he was not able to do for himself). "If it amuses you to walk out here in the heat, I am glad of it; but it does

\* See JOURNAL of January 17.

† Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

not amuse me in the least, and therefore I wish you would say what you are going to say at once."

"As a preliminary step, can't we sit down somewhere? Perpetual motion is not particularly agreeable in cool weather, but in warm weather it is intolerable."

"There is nowhere to sit, unless we sit on the ground. The rustic seats are all on the other side of the lawn. You might have brought a camp-stool along if you had thought. Then I might have stood over you with an umbrella and a fan."

"The prospect is so entrancing that I have half a mind to go back for the camp-stool."

"Don't expect to find me when you return—that is all."

"Let us try the ground, then," said he, taking out his handkerchief, and spreading it at the foot of a large tree. "Unless you are rheumatic, it is not likely to injure you."

"I am afraid that, if I sit down, you will talk for an hour," said she, frankly; but she sat down, nevertheless. "Now, pray be brief!" she said, as he cast himself carelessly on the warm grass by her side.

"Very well," answered he. "To be as brief as possible, then, I have seen Arthur, and I have found him even more intractable than I expected. His character seems to have undergone the most sudden and wonderful change. He is sullen and defiant, and so impatient of the annoyance, which has been his own work, that I absolutely found him ready—prepared—to leave the country."

"Indeed!" said she; but she evinced no surprise. "Perhaps his character has not changed so much as you imagine," she added; "perhaps it has only developed. Well, he has made up his mind to leave the country, has he? But how about Leslie? She is not exactly a person whom even Mr. Arthur Tyndale can afford to jilt with impunity. A woman who has wealth, and position, and friends, to shield her, is not like a Bohemian waif. He ought to remember that."

"He is not sufficiently cool at present to remember anything. But, when I—thinking only of Miss Grahame—ventured to offer forgetfulness, in your name, and silence with regard to the past, he half agreed to keep faith with her."

"Half agreed! Is the man mad? He must fancy himself a second King Louis of Bavaria—able, if he feels inclined, to jilt princesses."

"He professes himself unable to trust your promise. He insists upon some substantial proof that you mean to allow the past to drop into oblivion. I am half afraid to tell you what this proof is."

"Perhaps I can guess," said she, calmly. "He wants his letters, does he not?"

"Yes, he wants his letters."

"Really," said she, with a laugh, "his audacity is greater than even I had imagined! So he thinks himself able to dictate terms to me! And suppose I decline to return the letters—what then?"

"I asked him that very question, and he replied by showing me his railroad-ticket.—That is 'what, then!' he answered."

"Do you think he means it?" she asked,

with a sudden flash in her eye. "Do you think he would dare it?"

"I am sure he means it. I am inclined to think he would dare it. Easiest of all things to a moral coward is the thing called running away."

"But, suppose I run into the house—this minute—and lay the matter before Leslie's uncle? Cannot he find a remedy? Will he see her treated like this?"

"He would probably insist at once upon her breaking the engagement, and he would certainly forbid Arthur ever to enter his house or claim his acquaintance again."

"Would he do nothing more than that?"

"What else could he do? Gentlemen do not assault each other either with horse-whips or epithets. Dueling is not in Mr. Middleton's line, I imagine; and in any case the man is more than a fool who draws a woman's name into an affair of that kind."

"Then the matter stands thus: I must either tell Leslie the truth, in order that she may be able to take the initiative step in breaking the engagement, or I must comply with this coward's demand and return his letters."

"That is the light in which it stands, certainly."

"The coward!" said she, again, between her clinched teeth. "The false-hearted coward! But do you not see that it would be madness to do this?" she cried, turning suddenly, almost fiercely, upon him. "Do you not see that, if I give up these letters, I place myself in Arthur Tyndale's power? My good name lies at his mercy! He could say any thing of me, and I should have no power to refute it! You do not think of me—you think altogether of Leslie, Captain Tyndale; but, when it comes to such a point as this, I must think of myself."

"You are mistaken," said Max. He spoke coolly enough, but, as he raised himself with sudden energy from the grass, there was a look of excitement not common with him on his face. "I do think of you; I have thought of you ever since he made the proposal, but I wanted to see what you would say. You are quite right. There are no circumstances which would justify you in resigning those letters to a man whom no pledge of honor seems capable of binding."

"And yet what remains for me?"

"To tell the truth to Miss Grahame."

"You say that?" A look of surprise came into her face. Then she laughed—a faint, low laugh, which he did not understand. "You are very generous, Captain Tyndale. I fancied you would have been willing to sacrifice me, and every thing connected with me, to spare Leslie one pang."

"Why should you have fancied such a thing?" said he, almost indignantly. "I know that women are prone to imagination, but still you do not realize as I do, Miss Desmond, what you would be giving up if you relinquished those letters."

"I think I realize perfectly," answered she. "I have seen a great deal of the world, and, as a rule, it does not show its best side to vagabonds. But there are one or two points to be considered," said she, plucking absently at the grass by her side. "In the

first place, Arthur Tyndale's life and mine will, after this, lie far apart; it will be out of his power, therefore, to harm me very much. In the second place, he will have no reason to speak ill of me—on the contrary, it will be to his interest to keep all knowledge of our past acquaintance from Leslie."

"It is not safe to trust to such contingencies as those," said Max, earnestly. "You cannot tell how far your life may yet meet, cross, be affected, by that of Arthur. It is as impossible to thrust people as to thrust memories absolutely away; they come back upon us when we are least expecting them. As for his having no reason to speak ill of you, young as you are, you ought to be enough a woman of the world to know better than that. You have stung his vanity, and wounded his pride. Is not that reason enough to make you expect any degree of enmity, any falsity of slander?"

"I must expect those things of necessity," said she. "I have tried them. They are not pleasant, but I can bear them."

"You can bear them!" repeated Max. He stared at her agast. "You don't know what you are talking about," he said, impatiently. "These things which you talk of 'bearing' are poisoned arrows which have slain many a heart as high and proud as yours. You were right a few minutes ago when you said that you would put your good name absolutely into Arthur Tyndale's power by returning him these letters. Forgive me if I speak plainly, but it is necessary that you should understand why such a thing must not be done."

"Not even for Leslie's sake?" asked she, looking at him intently.

"No!" answered he, sharply. "The sacrifice is too great—far greater than the occasion. Not to save your sister's heart from breaking, have you a right to do it!"

She looked at him for a little while longer with eyes that softened momentarily. Some inner feeling seemed at work. Her lips quivered slightly, a wave of color swept into her face, and then ebbed away. It was not quite the transformation for which Max had wished a short time before, but it was something like it.

"You are very kind," she said, at last, in a voice that struck the ear as being full of more than one emotion. "It is very good of you—who are Arthur Tyndale's cousin and Leslie's friend—to think of me. I had not expected it. You see I am not used to consideration—admiration, and attention, perhaps, but not consideration. I thought you would think of Leslie and Leslie's interest alone. Well, since you do not think of it, I must," she added. "Captain Tyndale, do you know what Leslie is to me?"

"Your sister, is she not?" said he, doubtfully, wondering what would come next. Surely this was an incomprehensible woman—a woman who made such wild havoc of all his previous opinions concerning her that he began to resign himself to having no opinion at all, but simply accepting whatever view of her varying character she chose to show him.

"My sister," repeated she, doubtfully. "Yes, she is that, and I suppose it means something—but not very much! She is



more than that, Captain Tyndale. She is the first person who has ever—ever in all our lives—made a kind advance to us, or held out a helping hand. My mother's relations have never taken the slightest notice of us. Papa's relations long ago discarded him. He comes of good people," said she, drawing herself up with all the pride of her Milesian blood; "but, of course, that did not help us, since the good people had long since—before I was born, I suppose—given him up. But Leslie came forward—without any need to do so, in the face of all the prejudices of her caste—and held out her hand to us. It makes a tie stronger than that of blood!" cried she, with eyes that melted and flashed both at once. "She meant to do us good, and shall my coming work her harm? Not if I can help it, you may be sure!"

"But can you help it?" asked he, looking at her, and thinking that he had never seen a more beautiful and majestic creature than she seemed just then.

"I can help it by giving Arthur Tyndale what he demands—his letters."

"You will not!" cried he, quickly—almost passionately. "You are not in earnest; you will not do such a thing!"

"Yes, I am in earnest," answered she. "After all, he may have some faint instinct of honor, and the fact that I am in his power may seal his lips."

"I might have thought that yesterday, but not to-day. To-day I know him to be false and treacherous to the very core—to be literally without a single instinct of the man of honor!"

"Still," said she, "I must risk it, since you tell me that this is the only alternative; that he will certainly leave as he threatens if I refuse—"

"Upon my word, Miss Desmond," interrupted he, "you tempt me to go to your sister and tell her the whole truth on my own responsibility."

"You would not dare to do such a thing!" cried she. "It is not your secret! You have no right!—it would be infamous!"

"I only said you tempted me; but it would be better than this which you propose."

"I must make one condition, however," said she, imperiously, sweeping his objections away like cobwebs, as he could not help feeling; "my letters, if Arthur Tyndale still retains them, they must be returned."

"I made that condition in your name, and he assures me—I am inclined to think, truly—that he has not a line of one of them." Then, as if to apologize, "Men seldom keep such things, you know."

"It does not matter very much whether he is speaking truly or falsely," said she, carelessly. "I am glad to remember that I was not foolish enough to put any thing on record against myself which the whole world might not read. *A propos* of letters," said she, turning suddenly again, "did you destroy, or have you still, the one I wrote to Kate, and which the wind carried to you?"

"Destroy it!" repeated he, starting. "I—I do not think so. Why do you ask?"

"Simply because I feel a natural curiosity to know what has become of it, and a natural reluctance to its falling into other hands. I

wrote more freely in that letter than I often do. Ink and paper are unsafe things to trust, if only for the reason that they often outlast more solid things. Since you have not destroyed the letter, I shall be glad if you will return it."

"I am very sorry," said he, looking at her with honest, troubled eyes, "but I am seriously in doubt about that letter. I do not know what has become of it. I may have destroyed or I may have mislaid it; but, at least, I cannot find it. I know there is no excuse for me, but I have looked for it several times, and I will look again."

"How is it possible that you could have destroyed it without knowing?" asked Norah. If she had glanced at him suspiciously, it might have been forgiven her. That experience of the rougher side of life, on which she dwelt so much, did not incline her to a very childlike faith in men or their assertions.

"I am often very absent-minded," said Max, who saw the suspicion, but had sense enough not to resent it. "I have often destroyed a letter, and then wanted it. I may have destroyed this one, or I may have mislaid it, though I can't imagine where!" said he, with a puzzled look.

This look somewhat convinced her of his sincerity. She questioned him closely as to when he had seen the letter last, what he had done with it, and where he had put it, until she finally elicited the fact that it had "probably" been left on his table, with other papers, on the evening of the day which they had spent at Strafford. "Is that your last recollection of it?" asked she, looking at him keenly.

"That is my last recollection of it. I remember I walked out for a few minutes that night"—one's memory plays one tricks sometimes: Max honestly thought it had only been a few minutes—"and when I came back I found the wind had scattered my papers over the floor."

"But when you gathered them up, did you not notice whether this letter was among them?"

"I did not gather them up at once, because—" He stopped short. A flash of light seemed to come to him. "By Jove!" he said, under his mustache; "could he have done such a thing?"

"Mr. Tyndale, do you mean?" asked Norah, whose ears were quick. "I have not doubted from the first but that he has the letter. If you found him in your room on the night you missed it, that is very good proof. Well, I make the return of it a condition also—let him understand that, Captain Tyndale."

"He may deny that he has it—he may affirm that he has destroyed it."

"The first you know to be false; the second is not likely."

"I cannot imagine how I shall constrain myself to meet him, to speak to him!" said the young man, bitterly. "He has proved himself so false—he is so utterly unworthy of the name he bears!"

"If we never met or spoke to people who are false, our list of acquaintances would be a very small one!" said Norah, cynically. "But it has certainly struck me more than once that

you have taken a great deal of annoyance and trouble upon yourself from pure friendship—Platonic and otherwise."

"I am not sure that it has been from pure friendship of any kind," said he.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

"Can a man sit mute by a fast-barred door  
While the night-showers cut through the shivering skin,  
Yet love in her hardness, love on, love more,  
That cold-eyed beauty who smiles within?  
Such a man—he is dead long since—I knew:  
There was one that never could know him—you!"

If the events of this particular day have seemed long in narrating—and they are not yet over—they seemed even longer in transpiring to me than one member of the household at Rosland. As Norah, having completed her dinner-toilet, stood before her open window for a moment, looking out on the dying beauty of the summer evening, she asked herself if it had really been only one day since she had looked out of the window on the sparkling freshness of early morning. "It has seemed like two or three days melted into one!" she said, wearily. "And it is not yet over—indeed, its most trying period is yet to come!"

The sound of carriage-wheels warned her, however, that she could not give any more time to meditation; so, taking her fan and gloves, and with a last glance in the mirror, she went down-stairs. The drawing-room was already full, but the hum of conversation ceased a little as she entered. Many of the guests had not seen her before, others were anxious to see her again—a slight, involuntary thrill of admiration passed round the room. Nobody could deny Norah Desmond's beauty. It was for the comprehension and appreciation alike of prince and peasant. She was so well accustomed to the sensation which her appearance always made, that it brought no added color to her face, no tinge of self-consciousness to her manner. She spoke to one or two people whom she knew, and then crossed the room to Leslie, before she perceived that Arthur Tyndale was standing by her side. Recognizing him with a start, she bowed, and then turned to her sister.

"I fear I am late," she said, more for the sake of saying something than because she really did fear it.

"Not at all," answered Leslie. "There are several people yet to come—people who do not understand the necessity of punctuality at a dinner-party. And there is Mrs. Sandford just entering!" she said, with something like a laugh in her voice. "Fancy how some of our old-fashioned friends are shocked!"

Norah turned. Her first thought was that the old-fashioned friends in question might be excused; for certainly a lady so *décolletée* as Mrs. Sandford was, is rarely seen in a country drawing-room. Magnificent of train and *bouffante* of overskirt was her lavender silk, with its thread-lace flounces of fabulous value; but the fashionable lowness of her corsage, and the fashionable shortness of her sleeves, were a revelation to the country-



bred eyes looking on. "Did you ever see the like of that?" more than one lady said in a whisper to her neighbor, while one unsophisticated young person turned into a corner to blush. The shoulders and arms thus lavishly displayed had some flesh on them, however—which is more than can always be said—and the diamonds which encircled them soon brought public virtue down to a temperate point of tolerance.

Somewhat to Norah's surprise, she found herself assigned to Max Tyndale when dinner was announced.

"This is kinder of Mrs. Middleton than I hoped!" she said, frankly, as they moved out of the drawing-room. "I fully expected to be given over to the tender mercies of a country Philistine—probably that young Covington who took my breath away a few minutes ago by coolly addressing me as 'Miss Norah!'"

"Did you not know that that is the customary form of address in this country?" asked Max. "It is scarcely likely that he intended to be impertinent."

"Do you mean to say that it is the custom of the country among well-bred people?" asked she. "Do you mean to tell me that it is considered good style? Why, it is a badge of vulgarians abroad."

"It is not the custom of the country among the very best-bred people," answered he; "but a great many people who are well bred in every thing else do it, and mean no harm—like our guileless young friend, who never called any woman by her surname for more than ten minutes, I suppose."

"He will not be likely to call me by any thing else again," said she, laughing. "I gave him a stare which petrified him."

"How would you like to be called 'Miss Nonie?'" asked he, smiling. (They had sat down to table by this time.) "I heard a young lady, who was baptized Leonora, addressed by that euphonious diminutive the other day."

"I detest all but a very few abbreviations," said she, "and with silly ones I have no patience. If I were a queen, I would rigorously abolish them. Anybody found guilty, for instance, of transforming the queenly name of Margaret into Maggie, should certainly be imprisoned; and I should make it a capital offense to call a Mary by any of the numerous nicknames of that most holy and beautiful of names."

"I am afraid your subjects would rebel. Nothing is so dear to the feminine heart as abbreviations. There is Mrs. Sandford, for instance, who looks like the Queen of Sheba, or Solomon in all his glory, yet who writes little gushing school-girl notes, and signs them 'Nellie.'"

"Mrs. Sandford will smack of bread-and-butter as long as she lives," said Norah. "By-the-by, she is looking handsome, is she not? But her dress would suit a ball better than a dinner—with a game of croquet in prospect."

"Do you remember a little poem of Owen Meredith's, called 'Madame la Marquise?'" asked Max. "Of course you do—everybody does! It might answer for a portrait, don't you think?—especially these verses:

'Could we find out her heart through that velvet and lace!

Can it beat without ruffling her sumptuous dress?

She will show us her shoulder, her bosom, her face;

But what the heart's like, we must guess.

'With live women and men to be found in the world—

(Live with sorrow and sin—live with pain and with passion)—

Who could live with a doll, though its locks should be curled,

And its petticoats trimmed in the fashion?"

"I am sure Mrs. Sandford would be much complimented by the comparison," said Norah, mischievously. "She told me the other day that she 'adored' Owen Meredith. I took it for granted that she meant his poetry."

Observing the precept of charity after this admirable fashion, their conversation flowed like a stream of easy, rippling water. Norah's tongue always had the true Milesian fluency—nobody ever had to "make talk" with her—and Max was not half a Frenchman for nothing. One topic naturally led to another, and it was not until a momentary lull came that he said:

"I did not see Arthur, after all. He had left Strafford when I got back, and he did not return before coming here. So I have not delivered your message."

"Indeed!—I am sorry!" she answered. That was all she trusted herself to say; there were too many inquisitive ears around.

According to the English fashion—which was a novelty in M— County—the gentlemen were left over their wine, while the ladies scattered about the drawing-room in knots and groups, talking bits of country gossip, mingled with remarks on the state of the gardens, the state of the roads, and the state of the weather. Everybody knew everybody else—for it was a "nice" neighborhood—and general good-fellowship prevailed. Norah was the only person who was outside the charmed circle of sympathy and knowledge. The ladies were shy of her because they were afraid of her; she was stiff with them because she knew very little of women, and because she had a habit of instinctively arming herself against possible or probable patronage. She was tired, too, and the chatter of many voices wearied her; so, stepping through an open window to the veranda beyond, she stood under one of the leafy arches, resting her mind with the soft, fragrant quiet of the outer world, and watching the moon rising in majesty above the tree-tops into the clear eastern heaven.

How beautiful it was! The earth seemed lying in a trance under the silvery lustre which made a brightness like that of day without its heat. The sky was a deep hyacinth-blue, the shadows where they rested were dark without being dense, but where the moonlight fell in broad, white glory, every leaf and spray was clearly visible, every pebble shone like a jewel. It is something for which we should thank God afresh every time it comes—this marvelous, matchless beauty of moonlight, this tender, dazzling radiance, which, putting aside all the colors that deck the day, paints the earth in black and white, and makes it of a something so fair that we

are fain to liken it to our earthly imaginings of the "city of the saints of God."

Norah was so absorbed in the beauty of the scene, and so rapt in thought, that she did not notice the entrance of the gentlemen into the room behind her; and she was still standing—a statue-like figure in the lustrous light, with the graceful tracery of leaves and starry flowers all around her—when some one came to her side and said, "I thought it could only be you!"

She turned abruptly—fancying, for a moment, that the voice was that of Arthur Tyndale—but it was Carl Middleton who was looking at her, with something strangely passionate and wistful on his face. She was so much relieved that she smiled.

"Is it you?" she said. "I thought it was some one much more disagreeable!"

"I am glad to know that there is any one whom you consider more disagreeable," said he. "I fancied that, in your eyes, I had certainly attained the superlative degree in that quality at least."

"You know that is nonsense," answered she, impatiently. "I do not consider you disagreeable at all, unless—unless you make yourself so!"

"That is to say, if I chose to talk commonplace, like any other man to whom you were introduced an hour ago, you would tolerate me as you tolerate him. Well, it does not matter. Your toleration, or want of toleration, will soon be over for me. I came to say good-by."

"Good-by!" she echoed. His manner startled her even more than his words; there was something in it totally new, something which she did not understand. "But why 'good-by'? Are you going away—now?"

"Yes, I am going away now. I need change of air—I do not think this climate agrees with me. Besides" (fiercely), "I am done with making a fool of myself! I see at last how useless and hopeless it is! I came too late! What can a man do against the spell of old association? I am going—at once!"

"It is a very good resolution!" said Norah, coldly. Nobody can blame her if she was tired of this violent and impracticable suitor of hers. A man who cannot understand a rejection, and who refuses to take it quietly, makes himself worse than a bore in the eyes of a woman. However sorry she may have been for him at first, this sorrow inevitably changes into impatience, disgust, and contempt, if she is annoyed by undesired persistence. Now, Norah had not only been wearied by Carl, but she had been provoked and insulted by him—he had indeed repeated his worst offense in his last words—therefore her voice sounded like ice when she said:

"It is a very good resolution."

"I was sure you would think so!" he said, defiantly. "I was sure I could not bring you better news. But you do not ask me where I am going—I thought you might take enough interest in me for that!"

She looked at him doubtfully. What did he mean? More and more it struck her how unlike himself he was. More and more she perceived what a pale, passionate face it was on which the moonlight shone.

"They may want to suggest some change here and there," continued Mrs. Marcellus, with a sense of theatrical wisdom. "The theatre-managers, as you say, are business-men, and are supposed to be thoroughly acquainted with the needs of their audiences, and, while your play may be acceptable as a whole, they may want to change it in certain particulars to suit their especial class of audiences. Do you see? Now, do not hastily reject their suggestions."

Marcellus readily accepted this advice.

"And now, if you would have my mind thoroughly at peace," continued his mentor, "promise to persevere. Take the play to every manager in the city, but what you have it performed."

"That is an easy promise," said Marcellus, lightly, "and I make it easily. From the Grand Temple of the Classics to the Lowly Retreat of the Realistic I will impose myself, if need be, upon every manager in this town, until this, the Great American Comedy, is placed before an anxious public!"

"Then I am satisfied," said Mrs. Marcellus, as her sewing dropped in her lap, and her head fell back, and her eyes wandered to the ceiling in a fit of meditation.

An hour afterward, Marcellus, deep in a revision of his great play, distinguished dimly in his abstraction these few stray sentences from his meditative spouse:

"A private box, of course, every night. The first night, certainly, when the author must bow his acknowledgments between the acts! My blue silk would do admirably—yes, low neck—and Polly's pearls. I could have my hair dressed at Gustave's—and—and I really must get me an opera-cloak."

When the manuscript was neatly and legibly copied, interspersed freely with diagrams of scenes and situations, containing a full description of persons and dresses, and in all respects made fully presentable as a piece of mechanism, Mr. Marcellus presented himself at the box-office of the Home of the Legitimate Comedy.

The manager was alone in the green-room fencing with an automaton swordsman on springs, but, while he did not cease his manly exercise, he received the author quite courteously.

Shown to a chair, and coolly told to unfold the plan of the play, Marcellus entered at once into the spirit of the subject, and somewhat glowingly and confidently detailed the plot, incidents, and mechanical and dramatic effects of his great production.

The manager of the Home of the Legitimate Comedy seized an opportunity of running his automaton directly through the heart before he replied:

"For an American comedy, it is doubtless well enough," said he, "but we are shy of American comedies. The people don't want them."

"Don't want them!" ejaculated Marcellus. "Where, then, is the great demand for a great American play?"

"Where, indeed? Nowhere, except in the wishes of the play-writing critics. An American play admittedly portrays matters which American people are supposed to see

every day, and people don't want to see the things of every day any oftener than they can help. They come to the theatre, in fact, to find relief from the commonplaces of every day. America has not as yet become a fit field for dramatic subjects. The entire glamour of romance is wanting here. It takes ages of trouble, and usually of decay, to get up a really romantic nationality. Ireland, now, or Spain, or Italy, is an excellent field for the romantic drama, and I must say that it has been pretty thoroughly tilled."

"But I do not propose a romantic drama."

"I am aware of that. A comedy," replied the manager, bounding with a thrust *en carte* on his automaton. "But the country won't admit of a comedy. You can't caricature society, for they won't come to see that. You can't delineate it truly, for then it's too commonplace to be entertaining. We haven't the humor. You have to go to England for your true comedy. They have humor there, and they know how to evolve it. Here we don't, and probably won't, until we get several hundred years older. Now, if you would go over to England, and become an Englishman, and write an English play, and have it performed all winter at the Princess, we'd be delighted to negotiate. But otherwise—"

As at this moment he succeeded in piercing the automaton directly in the eye, and followed his successful thrust with half a dozen rapid ones which seemed to engage his whole attention, Marcellus folded his manuscripts and hastily withdrew.

His first emotion on reaching the free air was a fiendish joy at the chagrin and pecuniary loss he would occasion this reckless manager by having the great play performed at a rival house.

"Ho! ho!" he cried. "You reject the Great American Comedy, do you, and cling to English importations worn out by a winter in London. Enough. I'll remember that when, successful, and sought for by money-makers such as you, I'm begged to write a great American comedy for you alone!"

Marcellus, in obedience to his promise, made a note of the suggestions of the manager, and turned his thoughts to the next available theatre.

The Temple of the Classic Tragedy suggested itself as by far the finest theatre in the city, and as having frequently, when its great star was absent, presented in most chaste and effective form some of the higher works of histrionic art. The manager, a noble physical specimen, whom Marcellus had frequently seen himself in great Shakespearean rôles, was at leisure in the box-office, and with grave courtesy received him and heard his proposition.

"A comedy?" said he. "Pity. If it were only a tragedy, now. Something new in heroic blank-verse. We sadly need a new tragedy. The world is tired of its ancient heroes, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Othello*. It knows them by heart. Every ragamuffin of a boot-black in the upper tier can prompt *Hamlet*, or *Macbeth*, or *Lear*, or *Othello*, if he should be 'out' for any line in the book, and, upon my word, when our heaviest man is murdering *Duncan* and Shakespeare together, and makes

some of his long, impressive pauses, I half expect them to do it. I do, honestly. It's sad to think of it, sir, but it's a fact, our beautiful classics are becoming hackneyed. Good reading won't save them much longer. 'To be, or not to be,' is almost as bad as 'Not a drum was heard,' and, I appeal to you, could the most impressive reader on the stage save that once majestic verse from condemnation? The pit-boys already threaten to chorus the soliloquy whenever *Hamlet* commences it; they do, upon my honor!"

"Chorus it?" inquired Marcellus.

"Yes, chorus it. Hum it aloud after the actor. Think of the horror of such a situation here! I stationed myself in the upper tier several nights ago, sir, haunted by this terror, and the boys did actually hum it to themselves as the actor spoke it, nodding their heads in unison as the lines proceeded, until they even reached that singsong cadence with which the same fiends amuse themselves at any low varieties. My dear sir," continued the manager, excitedly, "I rushed horror-stricken from that upper tier. I have ordered the policeman to keep an eye on such rare devilry in the future, but the volcano is there, sir, and some day it will burst. I dread to think of what would be its effect upon our great star, the most finished tragedian in America. Give us a new tragedy, and let the classics refresh themselves. It's our only hope. The boys may forget their lines after a long Shakespearean vacation; but, as it is now, every day, every representation makes the matter worse, and our great Shakespearean revivals are fraught with dangers."

"Then my American comedy—" began Marcellus.

"If it were only an American tragedy!" interrupted the manager, who had evidently become interested in his subject, "it would receive the very warmest consideration. American history, you may say, is hardly old enough for tragedy, but it is a mistake. Washington and Jefferson and John Adams are not old enough, nor will they be until they have become heroes of an ancient history, for they are too familiar to us all now to venture on a delineation of them which a school-boy would not ridicule. But American history is bedecked with minor gems replete with the dramatic interest of the classic ages. There's Sergeant Champe, Mad Anthony Wayne, Aaron Burr, Major André. What a touching subject in blank-verse André would be! And, then, another consideration arises. What a field for new scenery would unfold itself to an inventive mind in a new tragedy, whether American or any other kind! We are bound down now by saucy doubts and fears to the relics of Danish history whenever we play 'Hamlet,' and are hunted by critics because the King of Denmark had no modern arm-chairs in his palace. We are hemmed in to the 'Book of Roman Antiquities' whenever we produce 'Julius Cæsar,' and have to obliterate a line because Will Shakespeare forgot there were no clocks in the Julian days, and obliterate another because our Cassii, if my plural is correct, are not always there. The antiquarian critics chase us relentlessly into ruts in our presentation of these familiar tragedies, and there

is no chance of scenic invention. In a new tragedy we could allow scenic genius to run riot for a time, until the antiquarians had studied up the subject, and hedged us in again. And I would prefer an American tragedy of our early days, because, upon my word, I believe our critics know less about the 'properties' of the American Revolution than they do of ancient Rome, or old Denmark, or, for that matter, of Egypt or Ashantee."

Marcellus finally tore himself away from this wise and courteous manager, although he felt strongly desirous of submitting his perfect play to so clear and conscientious a critic. But he wisely assumed that the critic of tragedy could only waste valuable time in the perusal of a comedy which was not only unsuitable to representation in a purely tragic theatre, but which was far beyond the criticism even of one so thoroughly conversant with the requisites of a good play.

The Temple of Harrowing Emotions and Gorgeous Dressing remained. It was, apparently, the last resort of the gifted author and his play, but it was, he thought, a sure one. American comedies had been presented there, and had made successful runs, though, as Marcellus, being then critic on the *Hyperion*, had said of them, "they lacked most of the essentials of American comedy in being neither American nor comedy." The theatre under its present management had become somewhat addicted to Sardou and the improprieties of the French drama, but the manager was young and enterprising, and had written plays himself. Marcellus found him ensconced in his private office, languidly smelling a scent-bottle, and turning over the leaves of a dusty manuscript. He looked up as Marcellus entered, softly motioning him to a seat, and, by an arch of his eyebrows, intimated that he was ready to hear his business. Marcellus briefly stated it, and pressed the copy of his play into his hands.

"Is there a depraved female in it?" asked the manager, in a low voice.

Marcellus replied that he had not thought fit to enliven his American comedy with that element of French pathos.

"It's really indispensable!" replied the manager. "I fear we shall never have an American play of the right sort. Ah, the happy tact of those Frenchmen! What airy, ethereal, and withal passionate and emotional depravity of the angelic order they can produce! There must be something beefy about us, sir. Excuse the vile expression. It absolutely escaped my lips unwittingly! But, really, we are not equal to it. The delicious, harrowing Mauds and Alixes of French creation are beyond us! Sad! so sad!" and he sank back in his lounging-chair, and daintily applied his scent-bottle to his nose.

Marcellus ventured to intimate that this female might be inadmissible in a genuine American comedy.

The gentle manager rolled his eyes deprecatingly, and languidly resumed his upright attitude.

"Inadmissible, my dear sir," said he. "Ah, she's admissible everywhere. But she should permeate the play through and through. Let me advise you to scatter the

emotional angel plentifully all through your play, if you possess the genuine delicacy of touch necessary to do it. Don't give us a robust angel! It's too shocking to the nerves. She must be positively ethereal. And, as you are an American, I fear you can't do it. It must be that Frenchmen alone possess the needed refinement of art, nurtured, I suppose, by their temperament and education. If you were a Frenchman, now—"

Marcellus admitted that his failure as a Frenchman might militate against his success as a writer of American plays, but urged that it might not be an insuperable barrier.

"If you would have her in every scene, radiating beautiful and beatific influences among all the stronger characters of the play (with calcium effects on her head at the act-drops), moralizing, weeping, despairing—rendering all the other *dramatis personæ* desperate and miserable; if you would treat her in this way, tenderly, and have her die gently amid the tears of all those whom she has made miserable, at the final curtain, with a white light and apotheosis in the distance, then your play might be worth my looking over. But, really, I can no longer endure to glance over the realisms that some play-writers have sent me—friends of mine, too." Here the manager pettishly flung his dusty manuscript into a corner, thereby injuring his arm and generally discommoding his person.

"Excuse my impetuosity. I must be more careful of my health. But people think that the present age clings to the old realistic ideas of a few years ago, and they mercilessly assail me with railroad accidents and drowning scenes that chill my blood. We have been refined beyond that. The intellectual now reigns supreme above the material. We want no more broadsword-combats and pistol-struggles. We want contending emotions and harrowing passions. We don't want to be shocked and frightened. We want to be harried and soothed. We don't want to smell gunpowder. We want to sniff the balmy fragrance of the boudoir. We want only passionate sensations. We want, as it were, to have our emotions worried, and, if you will permit so physical a figure, we want our mental spines scratched, and our moral hair uplifted, but no physical sensations, my dear sir, none of your realistic horrors."

The manager had exerted himself so much in the ardor of his argument, that he resorted again to his scent-bottle and turned away.

"If you will pray excuse me," he said, very faintly, as if his emotions had been too much harried by his vivacity, "I have very imprudently overtaxed my feelings, and, as we have rehearsal on just now, I will retire inside. Miss Crocodile is about dying as *Camille*, and I feel that I must treat myself to an emotional flow of tears. *À revoir*."

And, as Marcellus withdrew, the manager pulled a lace handkerchief from his belt, applied it to his eyes, and disappeared through an inner door.

For the moment Marcellus was bewildered. Was it possible that his great American comedy was not to be performed, after all? Mrs. Marcellus's blue silk, and powdered hair, and private box, and Polly's pearls, all to be

whelmed in the abyss of failure? He could not believe it. There was the Spectacular Temple, the Gorgeous Home of Short Skirts and Marvelous Scenery. It had essayed the standard drama even under its present management, and a great American comedy might be gladly welcomed there. He would at least apply. Besides, he had promised to have the play performed or visit every theatre in the city in the attempt, and he dared not face the disappointment, which could be but faintly imagined, that must follow on the loss of pearls, and private boxes, and blue silks, and the other etceteras, unless that promise had been faithfully fulfilled. To the Temple of the Spectacular, therefore, he hied. A dapper little gentleman in a sporting-coat, with hair parted in the middle, gloved, and carrying a tortoise-shell cane and smoking a cigar, welcomed him at the box-office. He turned over the manuscript daintily with his gloved fingers as Marcellus explained its plan to him, and frequently placed his tortoise-shell cane under his arm and withdrew his cigar from his mouth to remark upon it.

"The Great American Comedy, eh!" said he. "I have about eighteen hundred of them stowed away in that chest, and every-one of them is the 'Great American Comedy.'"

Marcellus replied that they were evidently spurious.

"And every one of them," continued the manager, disdaining to argue with Marcellus on the question, "every one of them lacks the one essential of success."

"Doubtless!" replied Marcellus, smilingly.

"And," continued the dapper manager, daintily thumbing the manuscript, "I judge yours lacks it, too."

"Pray name it!"

"The ballet! There's nothing in the world to make a play run like the ballet. Here one of the best plays in the English language has been running off and on in this theatre for the last five years, which would have proved a dead failure at the start but for the ballet in it. Nothing else, sir, could have saved that play from utter condemnation, nothing whatever!"

"That is certainly true of that particular play," said Marcellus, "but it may not be so of others."

"I grant you! 'Macbeth,' for instance, or 'Enoch Arden!' Shakespeare and Tennyson may have written and succeeded without the necessity of a ballet; but I doubt not, in Shakespeare's time, if the ballet had been in existence, he would gladly have availed himself of its help. If he had, he'd have died richer, at all events. But there ought to be many scenes in an American comedy where the ballet is admissible. I would not require it to be particularly circumstantial as to the plot or arrangement, you understand, when the ballet is introduced. It is not always possible to retain unities and ballet both, but the ballet is the more precious of the two. I caught a glimpse here of a scene in Congress. Now, how would it do to have a march of the Amazons through the legislative halls? Effective, don't you think? Create some excitement!"

Marcellus inclined to the belief that it



would be almost too exciting for the dignitaries in the hall.

"This Wall-Street scene. Good chance there for a dance of the golden-haired nymphs before the Stock Exchange, and consternation among the brokers. That would be very good. A mechanical mountain, I see, in the Yosemite. Capital chance there to have the nymphs bathing in the Geysers. Good effect, that!"

Marcellus remonstrated on the ground that the nymphs would be pretty apt to boil if they went bathing in the Geysers, but the manager waived his remonstrance airily away.

"Merely suggestions, you know. Put them in everywhere! If there's a scene full of talk, cut it, and put in the *coryphæes*—"

"I have a plot, however, which I must look to—"

"Not at all! Don't look to the plot. That's the most useless part of the play. I assure you, you would never recognize the plot after my nymphs had got hold of it. And remember one thing: One act must be devoted to the prodigies, you know, the learned dogs and the gymnasts."

"A whole act!" cried Marcellus, in dismay. "I have only four acts as it is, and I must really have some consideration for the plot."

"My dear sir," said the manager, returning the manuscript, and twisting his tortoiseshell cane, "if you persist in having consideration for your plot, it is impossible for us to negotiate. Will you excuse me? I must go on the stage and superintend a new waterfall that we are trying to-day. *Addio!*"

Marcellus departed, crushed. His Great American Comedy had been declined (with flattering compliments, however, as he afterward remembered) by the leading theatres of the city, and his name, fame, fortune, not to mention the blue silk and private box, were all swept away by the deluge. Two theatres remained, of the patriotic and robust order, and to these he determined to go, partly in obedience to the light promise he had made, and partly through that strange element of human nature which, crushed to apparently the lowest depths, seeks yet a lower. He felt that it would be a comforting aggravation of his disaster to have the blue-fire and thunder-and-lightning stages reject his magnificent production. He thought he would enjoy the views of the managers of those theatres on successful art, and, besides, it would be a comfort to know that the faithful heart at home, who had probably borrowed Polly's pearls by this time, and, he hoped, had even had her hair dressed at Gustave's, could not upbraid him with any lack of effort. He therefore repaired, with a sense of vicious pleasure, to the Temple of Patriotic Blue-Fire, and at once assailed the manager. This manager, to judge from his play-bills and the character of drama he performed, was an enthusiastic devotee of every thing American, and Marcellus was almost startled on his first interview at the facility with which he dropped his aspirates.

"Well," said he, slowly, "we are immense hon the Hamerican drama. We propose to pay exclusive lattention to that branch of our 'igh art, and if your great

Hamerican comedy is a genuine harticle, we will be 'appy to negotiate. We have had Bison Jack and Injun-killing Tom playing 'ere for a month to crowded 'ouses in one of the best Hamerican dramas I ever saw. Plenty of Injuns in yours, I s'pose?"

"Well, really," replied Marcellus, in consternation, "I must say that I have inadvertently neglected my Indians."

"You ought to 'ave plenty of Injuns. I don't see how your trappers escape meeting with Injuns."

"Indeed, candor compels me to acknowledge," said Marcellus, "that, in my Great American Comedy, I, perhaps unpardonably, neglected that element of our society known as trappers."

"No Injuns and no trappers!" ejaculated the ardent devotee of Americanism, suddenly working himself into very red-faced indignation. "What sort of an Hamerican comedy is it, then? Not fashionable trash, I 'ope, or hemotional muck with lost women a-moan-in' and moralizin' through it—Camillas, and Meuiicks, and Alixes, and Magdalens? That sort won't do here, you know. We have scruples against such pernicious stuff. Dammee, sir, we are public teachers of the young 'ere, sir, and we don't propose to poison the morals of the coming generation by producing any such demoralizing muck. No, sir! It would ruin our trade. We would like a strong, 'ealthy sort of harticle, with stars and stripes a-plenty in it, to teach the young 'uns patriotism and virtue, and to teach 'em pretty strong at that. But if you haven't got a scalp-dance, or a buffler-'unt, or Injun-fighting, or something equally as stirring and hinstuctive, I don't care to look hover the piece."

Marcellus veritably believes that a little patience and art on his part would have finally induced this conscientious manager to suggest some very remarkable improvements to his comedy. The faith of that manager in the possibilities of the robust American drama was such that his soul would not have halted at a massacre of Congress in the great Hall of Representatives, scene by Red Cloud's band, the abduction of the Fifth-Avenue heroine from her parlor during the afternoon reception by a love-stricken red-skin, nor the appearance of the hero on a gunboat in the Yosemite Valley to rescue her, amid blue-fire, sky-rockets, and the fall of the curtain. His ardent patriotism could not be confined by the unities. But Marcellus was disgusted with him, and withdrew.

One more theatre remained—the Home of Murderous Sensation—and, after his cultivated comedy was rejected there, Marcellus would be free to return home and tell Mrs. Marcellus to send back the pearls to Polly, and dismiss the extravagant idea of an opera-cloak. He felt something of a savage satisfaction in his ability to do this, after a conscientious performance of all he had promised, and he betook himself to the manager of this last temple with a lighter heart than he had had since he commenced the round. The manager was plain and business-like.

"Have you got a five-character man in it?" said he.

Marcellus was puzzled.

"A five-character man," repeated the manager. "One man who takes five parts and plays two different instruments in each part, and also sings and dances a clog-dance. They take like the Lord Harry!"

"Really," said Marcellus, "I must have entirely overlooked that peculiarity of our people."

"A girl would take mighty well in those parts if she could only play on the banjo and cavort around."

"I will admit," said Marcellus, "that American society is very lamely represented in a play that does not have the almost universal girl who can cavort around, but—"

"Sorry if you haven't either of them in," said the manager. "They enliven a piece hugely, and draw like blazes! What's your grand accident?"

"My grand accident?" inquired Marcellus, feeling that he was in a bewildering depth of stage technicality.

"Certainly! Your 'denument,' as the 'Frankaise' call it. What's your awful situation to wind up with?"

"I have been rather negligent, I fear," replied Marcellus. "I have tamely permitted my hero and heroine to get quietly married, while the curtain falls on the father's blessing."

"That'll never do," cried the manager.

"You've got to have some awful scene for the curtain. A railroad-scene would do if you could get nothing better, but they are almost 'played out' if you could only get your man really run over—that would be something super-ex., as the handbills say. We've had 'em on so many times," continued he, with painful emotion, "tied to the track, and getting untied just in time, and rolling out of the way just as the trains goes thunderin' by, and the audience is breathless with excitement—we've had 'em do that so often, that I feel sometimes," his emotion deepening, "like I was imposing a bare fraud on my audience. And when he gets up and waves his hat, and falls on his knees and thanks Heaven, I feel as if it was a piece of danged impudence, and I'm ashamed to look the audience in the face! It's a fact. But it brings down the house, and why, I don't know."

Marcellus had too much respect for the honesty of this manager to urge him further, and withdrew. On reviewing the field, subsequently, he summed up the suggestions of his various managers in the following tabular statement, which he headed—

"POINTS INDISPENSABLE FOR THE SUCCESS OF THE GREAT AMERICAN COMEDY.

- "1. Become an Englishman.
- "2. Make it a tragedy.
- "3. Become a Frenchman, and introduce an angel of feminine depravity.
- "4. Cut it all out, and make a ballet of it.
- "5. Dispense with the unities, and substitute Indians and patriotism.
- "6. Have a five-character man, a cavorting girl, and a grand accident at the curtain."

With commendable readiness Marcellus carried his disappointment to the cherished partner of his bosom. She was equal to the occasion. A momentary shade of anguish, which flitted across her face, alone told of

the sore grief that may have visited her sad heart.

"Never mind, dear," said she, after a long pause. "We know that it is the Great American Comedy, and these managers will die some of these days, and a new race will arise, and a new generation of play-goers will appreciate and enjoy it."

Marcellus laid his play carefully away, and is now patiently awaiting the promised contingency. And it is a remarkable fact that neither he, nor the noble woman, his wife, has ever said another word about the private box, or the opera-cloak, or Polly's pearls.

CHARLES GORE SHANKS.

## A VISIT TO OUR STATE-PRISONS.

### I.—THE CLINTON PRISON.

IN the State of New York there are three prisons. One of these is at Sing Sing, another is at Auburn, and the third is at Dannemora, a township in the extreme north.

This latter prison, besides being far distant from the thickly-populated portions of the State, isolated by long distances from sympathizing communities, and in a region where a harsh and terrible winter reigns seven months in the year, is high up in the mountains, two thousand feet above the level of the sea. The approach to it is difficult. The horses labor up a perpetually rising road, and each stage of progress enables one to look off over a continually widening and deepening valley.

This valley opens toward the south, and stretches away until it includes the broad waters of Lake Champlain, and the horizon is bounded by the green hills of Vermont.

In the summer the scene is one of extraordinary beauty. The placid interval, rich with glowing verdure, sparkling rivers, solemn forests, and cultivated fields, fades away by soft gradations, and is lost in the hazy distance. The eye dwells upon it with delight; the charmed ear listens to the distant lowing of cattle, the ringing of village bells, and the faint voices of the farmers at work in the fields below; the soothed spirit is overcome by the subtle collusion of the warm air, the serene sky, and the teeming land; and one, on beholding the broad picture for the first time, stands entranced, half doubtful of its reality.

And perhaps, in view of the brevity of such scenes, it would not be wrong to think them unreal. They but preface a bitter, unhappy season, just as a fragrant, heavenly stillness presages a tropical tempest. They entice the farmers and dwellers with a fleeting sense of sweet content, only to enable them to forget the pains and discomforts they have just passed through, and to stifle their apprehension of the new ones close at hand.

Upon the high, broad hills of this broken region Winter lays a heavy hand. Deep snows are thrown over their ragged sides; death-dealing frosts make the days dangerous and the nights fearful; powerful winds

rush from out of the west with frightful velocity, and moan almost ceaselessly over the whitened ravines and lonely roads.

The great valley is then clothed in its natural habiliments. The waters are covered with ice of enormous thickness. The woods become brown. The sky is hung with an almost perpetual gray. The small, scant pastures are buried five feet deep. Sometimes the mercury sinks into the bulb of the thermometer, or to sixty degrees below zero. It is frequently the case that a man, in passing from his house to the shed in which is stalled his horse or his wretched kine, loses his way in the obscurity made by the falling snow; and again, it is frequent that one, in struggling against the wind, is suddenly dashed from his feet, stunned and bewildered by a new blast from his unseen enemy.

The huge mountains rise up against the western sky, and thus shorten the days that are already too brief and fleeting. Their sombre shadows creep over the valleys long before the sun sets; and even at noon one feels the influence of their vast and gloomy presence. The wide, cold plains stretch out—an almost limitless expanse—the lowering clouds of fog drop over the sullen land, and Nature, even in her brightest mood, here seems to wear a smile that is sinister and forbidding.

It is in this place, upon the southern declivity of a mountain, that Clinton Prison is situated. Within its limits are confined six hundred convicts.

It occurs to one, at first, that it is fitting that such monsters should be so secluded from the communities they have outraged, and that they should live amid surroundings so kindred to their rough and untamed natures.

The writer approached the neighborhood of this prison at a late hour on a December afternoon. The weather was very cold, and the runners of the sleigh grated with a metallic sound upon the hardened snow. The tired horses, weary with climbing the endless hills, were covered with white rime, and the driver's breath became clouds in the air. The land on either side of the way was extremely rough. It was covered with the blackened stumps of hewn pines and hemlocks. Here and there were a few slender saplings, whose tender branches were incased in a glittering armor of ice.

The few houses that one could see were wretched in the extreme; they were log-huts, whose crevices were closed with yellow mud, and at whose cramped doors there stood tall and sallow men, some of them with axes upon their shoulders.

The sky toward the west was red, while the sky toward the south was gray and forbidding. Overhead it was clear, and there was a moon. The silence was broken only by the dreary wind, the rattle of the harness, and the half-sighing breathing of the horses. A woman-passenger, chilled with the cold, looked off over the valley beneath, and then up at the tops of the lofty mountains on the right.

"Are we almost there, driver?" asked she, anxiously.

"A'most, mum," was the thick reply from

behind a heavy swathing of woolen mufflers.

"Shall we get there before they come in from the works?"

"Guess not. Guess they're in now."

"Oh, that's too bad!"

The tone of this exclamation evinced so much disappointment, that the driver at once looked around, and then whipped up his horses vigorously.

I asked him how far we were from the prison.

"Here it is," he replied, "right here!"

I looked out. At a few yards' distance there was a huge gray palisade of wood twenty-two feet high. We were abreast of a corner of a tremendous inclosure. The great fence ran on beside the road until it was lost in the distance, and then so far up the mountain that it was lost there also. It was so dark that it had hitherto been hidden in the shade of the hill. Over its top, at the corner, there rose a sort of cupola, an immense lantern in which, distinctly seen outlined against the sky, was a man intently watching something inside the yard. In his hand he carried a rifle.

A little farther on, the wooden palisade was broken by a lofty stone-wall, in which there were several large, black windows, protected by horizontal iron bars placed close together. This, the driver said, was the forge. Above it arose a tapering chimney, from whose top there burst a constant lurid flame of a blue color.

After the forge-wall ceased, the wooden palisade began again.

Just as we came abreast of the wall, a terrible clang from a bell broke upon our ears. It was resonant, and its sound trembled in the air. It was followed by another and yet another. Then all was still again.

"They're all in now," said the driver.

"All in?" faltered the woman; "who are all in?"

"Why, the con—, I mean, the men. The men are all in their cells."

"Ah, then it will be too late to see him to-night!"

"Yes, it will be too late. You will have to wait till mornin'."

"But can't I go inside to-night? Can't I see the jailer, or the warden, or somebody?"

"Oh, yes, you can see the captain or the sergeant, I guess."

"And they will know if he will get any commutation, won't they?"

"They ought to; they're the ones that'll give it to him if he's going to get it at all."

"Ah! I'm glad of that."

She looked contented, even happy, and gazed leniently at the forbidding wall.

We came to a little public-house that was in the middle of a village just outside the prison-gates. It would only be necessary to cross the road to reach the dreadful entrance.

This village is long and straggling. It runs, or rather it frays out down the hill, and ends indefinitely. It is there because the prison is there. It has no right, of its own, to be; it exists upon the favor and largess of its grim neighbor. Were this neighbor to be taken away, this village of good people would disappear also.

Many of the heads of families in it are ex-keepers and ex-guards of the six hundred convicts. When the opposition political party next goes in, these ex-keepers and ex-guards will go in with it, and the present guards and keepers will come out. They will linger about for a few years, until *their* party is reinstated again, when they will once more take their turns in the lookouts and dormitories. Many of the inhabitants are wood-choppers to the prison; many are general teamsters to the prison; many more are general messengers and carriers to the prison, and many live upon the prison in a strange and incomprehensible way; but, were they to be separated from the prison, they would pine and fall into decay, like uprooted fungi.

The writer entered the prison after night-fall, and before the hour of final closing, nine o'clock. He passed through a large iron gate, hung in a massive portal of stone. On the right was a guard-house. Farther on, and still to the right, were an immense number of lights, looking as those do that proceed from a factory, with this exception—they shone through closely-fitted bars. Still farther to the right were the glaring windows and chimneys of the forge. Directly in front, and at a great distance in the air, was an immense boiling cloud of smoke, brilliantly illuminated and spangled with fierce sparks, that circled upward as if driven in a powerful current. It was natural to feel alarmed at the spectacle, but it appeared that it only proceeded from a fire used to heat iron-ore in a distant part of the yard.

Somewhat farther on to the left were the prison-offices. In them were book-keepers' desks, warm stoves, bright lights, open ledgers, and a knot of gossiping prison officials in citizens' garb. There was nothing to denote the peculiar character of the place. There were no signs of force or restraint. All present seemed entirely unsuspecting and completely at ease. Now and then some one came in, and now and then some one went out. There was no sign that within a hundred yards there was a cage full of desperadoes and malefactors, nearly all of whom were watching, praying, fretting, scheming for a chance to escape, to break out, to fly away, at any cost and at any risk.

It was even difficult to convince these gentlemen that an outsider could wish to know, for an entirely disinterested purpose, the particulars of their duties, opinions, and experiences. Familiarity with prison-life had so deadened the dramatic features of it within them that they were more than inclined to look with suspicion upon one who pressed them with questions concerning it.

To them, incarceration meant employment; extra penalty and the dark cell for reprobates, was mere salt for the day; criminality in the abstract, was little more than mistake; a prisoner was merely a man shut up; murder was the fault, in most cases, of the murdered, and, in the rest, of society at large, and never wholly that of the wrong-doer; burglary was a case either of good or of bad mechanics; forgery was a short road to fortune with a pitfall, by way of a joke, somewhere in the middle; and so on to the end

of the chapter: and how it was that a man could feel any pity or any sympathy or any uncommon interest in any thing connected with these matters, seemed to them to be exceedingly strange, if not wickedly underhanded and treacherous.

Time was time. Would I like to see the mine?—Certainly; but what mine?—The iron-mine—the mine that was worked by convicts.

Then it appeared that this was an iron-county.

It was thus made clear why the State officials chose such an out-of-the-way location for the prison. It was hoped that the utilization of convict-labor would prove profitable to the State treasury.

Nearly thirty years ago fifty prisoners were brought from other State-prisons and marched upon this ground, which was then a howling forest, full of wild beasts. They worked at erecting a prison for themselves in the daytime, while in the night they were chained to logs. Having built the prison, they went into it, and dedicated it to the use of the misbehaved, and then were locked up.

The vein of metal which excited the cupidity of the inspectors of the day, was a very rich one. The convicts now take out the ore, crush it, separate it, work the metal in furnaces and rolling-mills, and produce plates and nails for the market.

The labor is peculiarly hard and severe. It produces weariness, roughness of manner, heaviness of feature, harshness of voice, and it covers the dress with black stains that are ineradicable.

The man that such effects are wrought upon very soon begins to turn into a brute. To work for years in cinder and smoke, and with a material that costs great strength to move, and with ceaseless routine, and all merely to kill time, can do nothing toward refinement of heart or spirit. The very coarsest of toil is coupled with the very coarsest of motive, and nothing but the very coarsest sort of man can be developed under such fosterings.

It was a long journey to the mine, for its mouth was at the upper end of the yard, an eighth of a mile distant. There was a broad path through the snow. The guide went on ahead with a lantern. The wind still blew fiercely, and at times it was extremely difficult to make headway against it. Pretty soon the gray board-fence changed to a stockade of round logs, that resembled very closely the stockade at Andersonville.

We passed two more lofty lanterns, that looked gaunt and spectral against the sky. In the middle of the yard was another, mounted, like a light-house, upon a rock.

Upon reaching this there came to our ears a dismal sound, a mingled shrieking and groaning. It was startling, for it was long-drawn, and very human.

"What is that?"

"That sound? Oh, that is nothing but the pump—the pump that frees the mine from water. There it is."

Through the gloom one could see a rough, elevated shafting, made of slender joist, working slowly to and fro over a pit. The joint-

ures were not closely made, and hence the uncanny creaking.

The way was down a muddy, winding road that led beneath the surface. Here and there was an oily, smoking tin lamp, swung in a bracket let into the rock. The wind was shut out, but we could hear it roaring above us.

We came to a little sentry-house. A tall man came out of it, bearing, at arm's-length above his head, a flaming lamp. He was a convict. He wore a loose jacket, a pair of wide pantaloons, a pair of heavy boots, and a small, round cap, with a leather visor. The rough cloth was gray, and it was marked by horizontal black stripes, four inches apart.

The man was rather slender, and he had a thin face.

"Give us a light over this wet place," said the keeper, in a mandatory tone.

"Yes sir! yes sir!" cried the convict, with hasty servility.

He then backed before us, as we walked on, bending down close to the ground, and sweeping his light to and fro, so that we might see where to place our feet in safety.

We entered an enormous cavern, whose sides and farthest end we could not see. Beside us, and twinkling far off in the distance, were more flaming lamps, and we heard the echo of voices proceeding from somewhere in advance of us.

On our left there seemed to be an ice-covered river or pool. Beyond it was a massive pillar of the original rock. Fifty yards farther on was another pillar. The roof was jagged, and the road still ran downward. Suddenly there came up before us two mules dragging a cart. We hardly had time to escape from its track. Upon the top of the load of stone sat a man with a whip in his hand. He also was a convict. He looked at us without moving his head; the glare of a torch penetrated beneath his visor, and showed us his eyes.

Presently we came to two more convicts, and then to six more, who were shoveling stone. In another moment we reached the breast, or the heading; or, in other words, the end of the excavation.

Here there were twenty convicts working hard in the flickering light. They were making a prodigious noise. Upon a scaffolding, twenty feet high, three of them were boring a hole into the rock. One held the long, iron drill and turned it, while the other two rained alternate blows upon it with sledges which they swung over their shoulders. These two seemed gigantic. Their actions were violent, and the force of their strokes was fearful to behold. Had they been working their way through a castle-door, they could not have beat upon it more savagely. Their shadows upon the rocks were even more furious than they themselves were, and the clanging and crashing that filled the chamber were something unearthly. There were other drilling-parties upon the ground. Some of the men were breaking the ore with hammers, some were loading carts with it, and some were standing panting with exhaustion.

All were in the convict's dress. The tattered uniform never seemed more tragic than



it did then, when worn deep underground, and out of the sight of the world.

The keeper spoke to several of the men. One of them showed him a chain that had been broken, and which had caused the fall of three men from a staging upon the rocks. He exhibited the severed link with great feeling, and descanted, upon the dishonesty of those that had forged it, with a trembling voice.

Another came up, with a long and dangerous-looking iron drill balancing in his soiled and muscular hand. He claimed, in a rough tone, that it was not tempered properly; that its edge turned upon the stone; that it was a sample of a whole lot of mean, cheating tools, the makers of which ought to get ten years.

Then there came the keeper of the company, who told of one man who would not work his stint, who claimed that he was tired and weak.

The superior officer looked grave, and pondered a little, and then gave an answer that was not to be heard except by the one to whom it was directed.

We retraced our steps, leaving the keeper with his desperadoes. They went on with their loading, and piling, and drilling, with all the assiduity of men who work for fortune; and most of them will go on loading, piling, and drilling, until their hair turns white, and their muscles become stiffened with age.

The transition to the upper world was vivid enough.

The wind was higher, the air was more biting, and it was much darker. The convict at the entrance of the mine came out to hold his lamp, and he led us a short way up the incline, and left us under the shrieking pump.

We staggered along beside the palisade, with the snow up to our knees, and then out across the yard toward the hall and dormitory.

We came to a building, four stories high, built of granite. In its front was a large number of windows crossed with heavy bars.

The door, in its centre, was of iron, painted green, and thickly studded with bolts. In its centre, at the height of one's eyes, was a small, thick, glass pane.

Leaning against the door, shuddering in the cold, was a little boy of seven years, with a red Canadian *chouquet* on his head, with its long tassel falling upon his shoulder. He carried both of his hands in his pockets, and upon his left arm was a tin pail. He belonged to some family outside of the walls.

"What do you want, eh?"

"Yest" (yeast), he piped.

At this instant the door opened. A head, with a uniform cap, appeared. Its eyes lighted first upon the boy.

"Yeast's all gone an hour ago."

The boy, without looking around for explanation or protest, fled down the stone path in the direction of the gate, and his small boot-heels clattered upon the flags until he reached the corner, and dashed out upon the hushing snow.

We entered a low, square anteroom to a kitchen. Around an iron, box-like stove, which was fed with long bolts of wood, there sat a dozen convicts on stools and boxes. It was nearly dark, and one had to look hard to see their complete figures.

If they had been talking, they had suddenly become silent enough. Most of them held their positions rigidly, and did not look at us.

We crossed the rough, worn, and snow-wet flags, and ascended a flight of stone steps. Then we came to a stone corridor, from which led several doors.

The walls of this corridor, and its ceiling, were decorated with colors laid on to imitate different sorts of highly-tinted and thickly-veined marble. This was the work of an artist-convict.

Before us was another door, also heavily studded with bolts. It was opened by a huge brass key ten inches long. Beyond it was the hall in which the convicts slept. Their cells consisted of small burrows, in a massive and gigantic pile of masonry, one hundred feet long, and forty feet high. The cells were in four tiers, and were reached by iron galleries. All of this was inclosed in a cage of granite and iron. The sides of the cage were twenty feet distant from the doors of the cells, and, by standing in one corner, one could command every entrance upon one side and one end of the pile. Thus two men could watch six hundred.

As we entered this cage all was silent. There were two or three keepers moving quietly about, as if in a sick-room, and their eyes were constantly wandering over the long rows of black gratings before them.

Behind these gratings, sleeping as soundly and safely as other men sleep, perhaps, were five hundred burglars, thieves, forgers, ruffians, murderers, and scoundrels of all grades and qualities. In passing along in front of their gratings one could hear their sighs, their soft breathings, and their restless turnings. The subductions of sleep had made them like the honest ones of their kind, or like children. The hot tempers, the treacherous weaknesses, the insidious desires, were all in repose; the lying tongues, the deceiving eyes, the stealthy feet, the rapid and powerful hands, were all stilled and made harmless.

One's heart sank as, it became possible to imagine what would result were all these tigers to be touched upon the shoulder, and be shown that all the doors between them and the world were open. The reflux of this gathered fever upon the still ailing community would set it in a blaze. Could these hard hearts, untamed passions, and subtle distempers be again turned loose in a single volume, it would cause people to arm themselves to the teeth, the officers to turn into hounds, all innocence to fly to cover, all property to be hidden, the courts to sit by candle-light as well as by daylight, and society to search and winnow itself, until the handful of miscreants were separated again.

Upon being told that there had been but one escape from this prison in a year, it was impossible not to feel a sense of gratitude to those who had been such vigilant guards.

"But are there many attempts made?"

"Yes, many. But we never rest while there is a reasonable hope of recapture."

"When an escape is discovered, what is your course?"

At this instant a few short, quick steps

were heard behind, and a keeper whispered rapidly in the ear of his chief:

"Red-Pepper Timi has got out of the forge, and has got away."

"Double your men in the hall here!" cried the other; and then said, in response to the question, "You shall see what we do."

In another instant we were in the corridor. A keeper was coming up the stairs at the head of a file of convicts. He held a cocked revolver in his hand. He hurried them along the hall and into their cells. These were the ones that we had seen in the anteroom below. All that were not in the mine and the forge, which were worked night and day, were now under lock and key.

Another keeper ran to a bell-rope that hung near by, and pulled it. The action was followed by a loud and startling clang from above. Meanwhile, the other keepers ran down the stairs and across the anteroom to the outer door. Then there was another clang of the bell, then a third and last. The sounds were caught by the wind and whirled off and stifled, and clouds of fine snow, rushed down from the roof, half blinded us. Almost immediately after the last clang of the bell, an awful whistle from a steam-engine seemed to come from all around, under our feet and over our heads; and its rending, tearing sound seemed to express the utmost consternation and alarm. Mingled with it was the clangor of a bell at the gate of the prison. From all points there were to be seen the light of lanterns rising and falling as their bearers ran to their various posts. A dozen men sprang up from all points and exchanged brief questions and briefer answers. "Who is it?"—"Red-pepper Tim."—"What, again?"—"Have the off-guards come in?"—"They are coming now."—"Search the wood-piles first."—"Don't permit a single man to pass out."—"Get some coffee for the men on post!"

The keepers and guards dispersed in all directions, running as fast as they could through the drifts of snow. The whistle still blew its dreadful note, and the bell at the gate still rang its noisy and not unmusical peal. Loud shouts were to be heard from the other side of the fence, and with these were mingled the sharp and ominous barking and baying of dogs.

For each prisoner captured, fifty dollars are paid to the citizen who brings him in; and, therefore, all the people that lived within the sound of the present alarm were aroused, and on the lookout. All Dannemora was on its feet, listening, watching, and staring into the storm, ready to seize the luckless prison-breaker should he fall within its ken.

There was not a mortal that was not arrayed against this bold and venturesome criminal. Every man and boy, with the chance of fifty dollars before his eyes, beat up the old hiding-places of men who had escaped in former days, and never rested.

All the place, in the yard and out of it, was in a fever of excitement. The head keeper hurried off to the forge, to learn the particulars of the man's escape.

The forge was the building from whose chimney there burned the blue flame.

From out its barred windows there burst a cheery, yellow glow, and, in spite of the in-

cident that had happened, its huge hammers were beating, its fires were roaring, and its monstrous rollers were going round and round, shaking the earth in their struggles.

The door consisted of a massive grating. Two men, with drawn revolvers, stood beside it.

The chief keeper and two others were admitted.

"How was it done—quick?"

"Come this way."

We were led past twenty convicts, most of whom were laughing. Their faces were black with the dust of the forge, and the gleams of their eyes and their teeth were forbidding. The way lay past three furnaces, from whose gaping mouths there came waves of heat which one had to guard from the face.

The guide ran on behind a monstrous balance-wheel, whose mighty rim was rushing in awful circles through the air.

He pointed to a square hole in the roof.

"He got out there."

"But how did he get out? Who let him out?"

"It was Maquard's watch."

"Well?"

"Tim asked him to come and look at a model of a perpetual-motion wheel that he had made. He stepped round here in the dark, out of the sight of the other guards, and was bending over, when they set upon him, and had him down in a second. Tim quitted the rest, got up on the braces, ran along, kicked open an old chimney-hole, and made for the yard."

"D—n! What else?"

"Winslow, the other keeper, ran down and stood before the hole, and swore that he'd shoot the first man that advanced. They emptied Maquard's revolver at him, and then gave up. A negro set up an alarm, and one of them drew a knife and set upon him, and cut his arm in a dozen places."

"Tim was a fool to try on such a night as this. We shall track him in the snow."

"His friends had a sleigh and horses outside. He was rich, you remember."

"Then we can track the sleigh and horses."

"But your harnesses are all out to pieces."

"How do you know that?"

"His confederates say so."

"Then it is high time that we were at work."

The search for the man continued all that night. The few minutes that had elapsed since the escape had permitted the storm to cover his careful footprints, and, after a few indentations in the soft snow, they were lost altogether. The whole place was in a ferment; at ten, at eleven, and at twelve o'clock, and at the end of each succeeding hour in the morning, the weary, wet, and tired searchers, with their flaring lanterns, buttoned coats, and low cloth caps, met together and consulted in the driving wind, and then dispersed again to try fresh hunts. Lamps burned everywhere until the gray of the morning began to succeed the night.

ALBERT WENSTER, JR.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A SUMMER TOUR IN HIGH LATITUDES.

SCANDINAVIA, FINLAND, RUSSIA.

By ALEXANDER DELMAR,

LATE DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS OF THE UNITED STATES, AND MEMBER OF THE EIGHTH CONGRESS OF NATIONS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

### VIII.

SUNDAY, the 25th of August, 1872, I shall long remember as one of the most delightful days I ever spent. It was on this day that the Statistical Congress was invited to dine with Constantine, at the imperial palace of Tsarskoe-Selo. This magnificent place of abode, the Versailles of Russia, is about twenty miles from St. Petersburg, a ride of about half an hour by rail. Duly provided with excursion-tickets, issued for the occasion by the mareschal of the court, "*au nom de S. M. l'Empereur*," we departed from St. Petersburg at half-past one o'clock. It was a brilliant day, and everybody and every thing we passed wore a holiday look. On the way to the Tsarskoe-Selo station, we passed the race-course, where, although it was Sunday, preparations were being made for a grand race that afternoon. Arrived at Tsarskoe-Selo, we found seventy of the emperor's carriages awaiting us. Some were open barchoues, others were handsome, uncovered vehicles, with two long seats, back to back, running fore and aft, the foot-boards almost touching the ground. The coachmen were dressed in heavy liveries, and cocked-hats worn nearly athwart-ship, and looking very jaunty. They were all mustached veterans, evidently old soldiers, as some of them wore medals. The footmen were attired in the conventional plush and shoulder-knot uniform. As soon as the long *cortège* could be got into motion, we left the station, and, after winding through some well-paved though dusty roads, entered the superb and almost unrivalled grounds that surround the palace. An idea of the extent of this suburban retreat can be gained from the simple statement that it is nearly *twenty miles* in circumference—in short, a park several times as large as Central Park, New York, and containing what the Central Park does not, and, thank Heaven, never will contain—an imperial palace within its boundaries.

On the way to the palace we stopped at a ruin to view a celebrated statue of Christ, which was kept in one of its chambers—a chamber of brick, well sheltered from the weather, and as intact and strong as a new park-vault. Resuming our journey, we passed through many beautiful avenues and malls, shaded with heavy masses of foliage. I here saw artificial landscape-scenery in its perfection. The unrivalled view of the cedars of Lebanon from the hill-top of Richmond Park, near London, and the winding Thames below, were alone wanting to render this magnificent park complete. After more than an hour's drive, we came in sight of the palace, a very long though not very high building, parallelogrammatic in form and yellow-washed, with ornamental façades in the

French style of architecture, and open courts in the centre. We alighted at the middle porch, from which, as the building stands on an eminence, a fine view is obtained of the bay and islands of the harbor, on the south shore of which it stands. Directly below us were the water-works, but second in extent and magnificence to those of Versailles. They lay beneath the entire line of vision between the palace and the shore, distant about a quarter of a mile, and, on this occasion, were in full play. Spouting statues and groups, grand fountains, sheets of water over marble tessellated floors, cataracts, rills, and jets of every description, charmed the sight on every side.

We entered the palace. Servants were in attendance to remove our paletots, afford us a needful dusting, and generally to prepare us for dinner. This last affair soon came off. We were ushered into the dining-hall by the attendants. This apartment was by far the most beautiful one of the sort I ever beheld. It must be fully three hundred feet long by one hundred wide, and forty or fifty feet in height. These dimensions are from memory. Frescoed walls and ceiling, fluted columns with elaborated capitals and entablatures, gilded consoles and brackets, architectural festoons beneath the cornices, grand chandeliers depending from the ceiling, a floor of polished parquetry, and a series of damask-covered tables, arranged in horseshoe fashion, and covered with table-service, *épergnes*, bouquets of flowers, etc., were the principal features that met the eye. An officer in scarlet uniform stood in the centre of the hall. From his dress and air I suppose he was nothing less than a grandee of the empire. He was the steward of the palace. Servants in livery stood near each seat. What with our own party and the Russians, the guests numbered about five hundred. We ranged ourselves behind the seats we had severally selected, and stood awaiting the entrance of Constantine. Presently he came in, made a brief speech of welcome, and sat down; whereupon we all followed his example, and the dinner commenced. The following was the bill of fare:

### MENU:

DU 25-26 AOÛT.

Potages: Beaufort.

Chiffonade.

Petits pâtés.

Sterilisé à l'Américaine.

Plâtre de bœuf garni.

Salmis de gelinottes aux truffes.

Artichauts à la provençale.

Rôti mélé.

Salade.

Moscovite aux framboises.

There were some eight or ten different wines, of which I thought the German vintages were the best of their kind. During the dinner the emperor's health was proposed, and responded to by Constantine. After this many other toasts were announced or volunteered, and the dinner was concluded in about two hours. We then withdrew to some of the other apartments of the palace, some of us to view the edifice, some to smoke, and others to chat with the host. Constantine showed us some articles of *virts* about the palace, pointed out the most interesting views,

and then slipped away, leaving us free to ramble whither we pleased.

This palace presents the same general features as the one previously described in these papers, if allowance be made for the different purposes of the two: the former one being a winter and this one a summer residence. One of the apartments near the central entrance is worthy of more than passing remark. It is a small room, with (I think) a common brick flooring. In it is a single article of furniture—a common cot. There is a bed and some bedclothing upon it. The bed is made, as we phrase it, and the clothing neatly turned down from the bottom of the pillow. A mustached veteran of the guards is in charge of this bed, and he informs you that in it died Peter the Great, and that it has not been touched since his day. Another room is noticeable for its absence of ornament of any kind; a plain little room, hung with common wall-paper, and furnished with ordinary, though comfortable, movables; a little room on the ground-floor, with a porch outside of it, covered with vines and roses; a room that opens by way of this porch into a little garden within the palace inclosure; a cozy little room, such a one as is to be found in every suburban villa in the world. This, we were told, is the room most loved by the reigning emperor—the one to which he and the empress generally retired to escape the irksome formalities and ceremonies inseparable from existence in the more pretentious apartments of the palace.

The private chapel of their majesties was another object of interest; so, too, was the collection of state table-service: dishes and plates of gold, tankards and goblets of gold, etc. But the crowning glory of Tsarkoe-Selo, after its grounds and water-works, is its museum of arms, trophies, and presents.

After viewing the collection in the Tower of London, I supposed there would be little of interest in any collection of ancient arms. I never was more mistaken in my life: that of Tsarkoe-Selo being infinitely superior. Here are to be seen an unrivaled collection of the armor and arms of the middle ages; of Turks, Byzantines, Magyars, Galicians, Lithuanians, Poles, Danes, Mongol Tartars, and other nations, conquered or engaged in war by the Russians. After these come the arms and trophies of later days, taken from the Teutons, Scandinavians, Poles, Mongols, Persians, Turks, Prussians, British, and French. Among these are numerous Hungarian, Polish, and French battle-flags, but I saw no British ones. The presents made to the various sovereigns of Russia are exceedingly beautiful and valuable. There are two saddle-cloths, one yellow, the other blue, literally covered with splendid diamonds, presents from Sultans of Turkey. The combined value of these two articles alone is said to be forty-eight million rubles, or over thirty million dollars! But I fancy, notwithstanding their great splendor, that this is a gross exaggeration. There are innumerable diamond snuff-boxes, diamond-hilted swords, and other similar articles—among them a portfolio, either presented by or captured from Napoleon I., with his monogram upon it, set in brilliants. The rooms in which this vast and valuable collection is arranged,

are so crowded with articles, that it was with difficulty we got through them. As it was, one of the ladies of our party, an American, got some portion of her dress entangled in a Milanese corselet hanging on a peg, and brought it to the ground, and with it a clattering mass of other antique army-clothing. That the jackets worn by soldiers in the olden time had no shoddy about them was abundantly testified by the pain and alarm which this little episode occasioned.

After a day of satiety in sight-seeing, we embarked in a government vessel from a wharf at the foot of the palace-grounds, and returned to St. Petersburg by way of the bay.

Next day we took a man-of-war at the *Quai du Palais, en face du Palais de Marbre*, and steamed for Cronstadt, to see that fortification and attend the yacht-club fête. On the way down we had dinner on the quarter-deck of the frigate, toasts to America, and fraternity between the two greatest empires of the earth! We "did" Cronstadt in an hour, re-embarked for the *Isles*, and arrived at the club-house a little before dusk, and just in time for the races. These were very good, the boats and equipments and the costumes, stroke and muscle of the contestants, being fully up to the most exacting British collegiate standard. The races were over at dusk, refreshments were served, and a grand ball at the club-house begun. It was here that I first enjoyed the society of Russian ladies. I found them pretty, vivacious, and very tasteful in dress; the latter being in extreme French mode, far outvying in elegance the costumes worn on similar occasions in my own country.

I have said the Russian women are pretty. This remark applies exclusively to those of the highest rank, the lower classes (there is substantially no class between the nobles and peasantry) being extremely homely. Of this more when I come to speak of the ethnological and social characteristics of this great empire. There is one great drawback to the beauty of Russian ladies—a drawback which, I am sorry to say, they share to a certain extent with American ladies: this is sallowness of complexion, which is almost universal among aristocratic Russians. That it is wholly attributable to confinement indoors, is evident from the equally universal freshness of complexion which characterizes the lower orders. It is the entire absence of this sallowness, which is more or less common among the ladies of Northern Continental Europe, with English ladies, that constitutes the chief basis of that extreme beauty for which the latter are justly famous. Outdoor exercise is very common among ladies in England; it is next most common in America, though there it is much less common than it should be, for the sake of health as well as beauty. Hence, if instances are selected, American women are the most beautiful in the world, for they possess a charm which no others possess in like degree—intelligence. But, as an entire class, I think the palm for beauty should go to the Englishwomen.

The Russian ladies dance with frightful earnestness. I noticed this all over Russia. The spinning waltz and the mad galop are

their favorite figures, and woe to him who stands within the swing of their ample garments on such occasions! I saw a young naval officer at the *Isles* literally swept off of his feet by a dancer in a galop.

The fête was to have wound up with a grand display of fireworks, which had been arranged to be set off from a fleet of small vessels anchored in a cove for the purpose. But midnight came without the fireworks, and our tired party began to depart, some by vessel, others by carriages overland. As I was among the former, I was one of the last to leave, for the tide did not serve until a very late hour. When we were half-way to St. Petersburg, the heavens, far astern, were all at once illuminated, and we dimly saw that the fireworks at the *Isles* were being set off. As I knew there were no spectators to witness the scene close at hand, I was curious to learn the reason of this extraordinary proceeding, when it was stated that at eleven o'clock permission had been asked of the war department, by telegraph, to set off the fireworks; that the proper official was absent, and, up to the time of our departure, no permit had been received, and therefore no fireworks could be set off; but that the permit had probably been received after we left, and the fireworks accordingly set off, whether the people, for whose gratification they were provided were there to witness the sight or not. All of which went to show that freedom, in the ordinary affairs of life, was not quite so common a matter in Russia as some of my patriotic Russian friends would have led me to suppose.

## CITIES OF EUROPE.

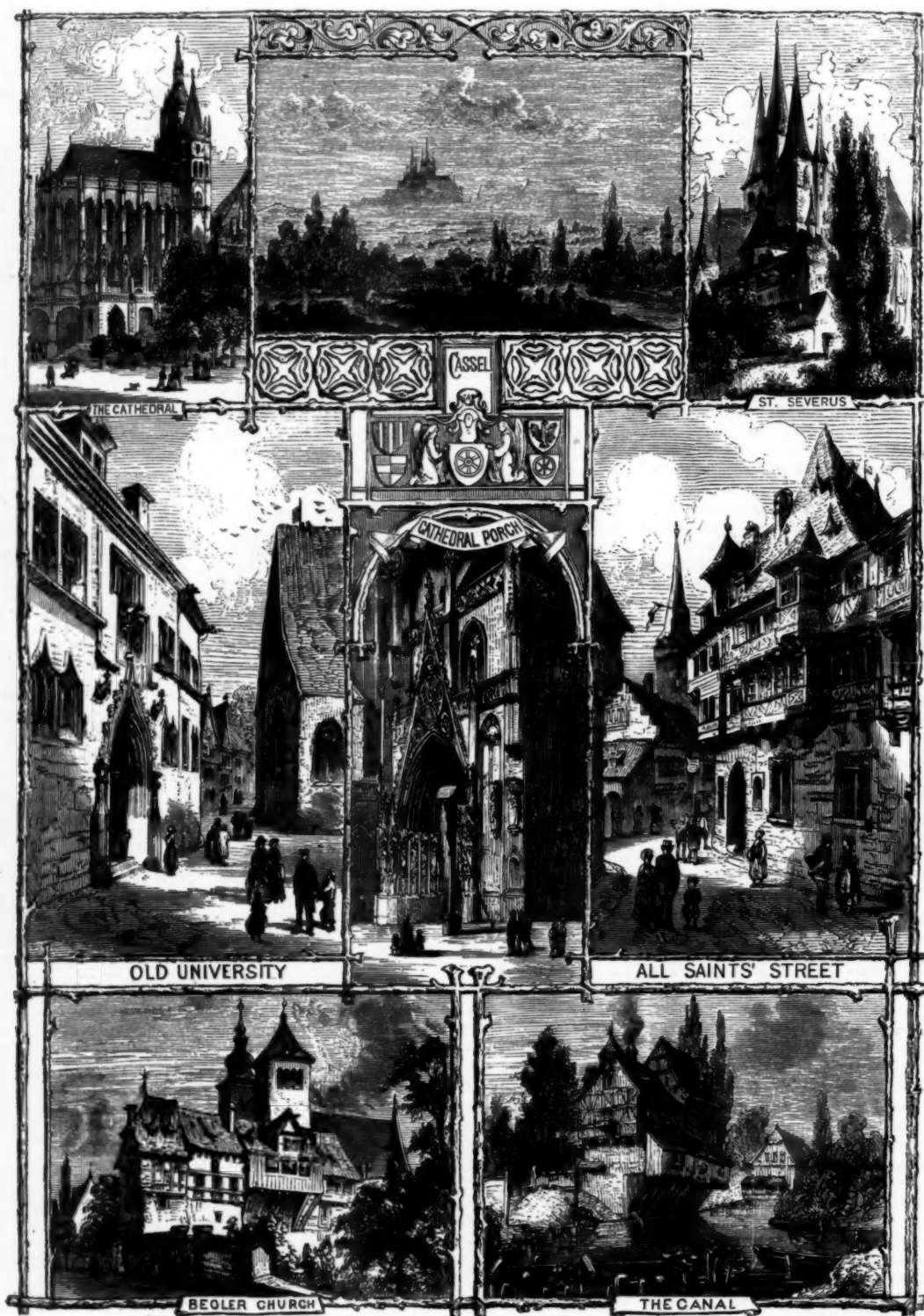
### IX.

#### CASSEL.

CASSEL is one of the most ancient, picturesque, and interesting cities in Germany. It derives its name from the Roman "Castellum," and is known to have been the spot where Varus built a fortified castle previous to his unfortunate expedition to the Teutoburger Forest, where he was decisively defeated by the Germans, under their great chieftain Arminius. Numerous Roman antiquities have been found in the past centuries in and around the city, notably two golden eagles, having belonged to the fourteenth and sixteenth Roman legions. It is the capital of the Prussian province of Hesse-Nassau and the district of Cassel. It is situated on the river Fulda, ninety miles from Frankfort. The population is about forty-seven thousand.

In the middle ages Cassel was repeatedly the seat of sanguinary struggles, which twice resulted in the complete destruction of the city. During the reign of the German Emperor Henry I., Cassel was entirely rebuilt, and became thenceforth the seat of the Landgraves of Hesse, whose capital it remained, with a very brief interruption during the Napoleonic wars, until the year 1866, since which time it is the principal town of the Prussian province of Hesse-Nassau. It is rich in magnificent churches. Foremost





among these stands the cathedral, a splendid Gothic building, erected during the reign of the Emperor Charles IV. Its two steeples are visible at a considerable distance, and its interior is very richly decorated. Perhaps the most attractive and interesting feature of this splendid temple is its superb portal, one of the most perfect monuments of the purest style of Gothic architecture and ornamentation.

A temple, inferior in architectural beauty, but equally fraught with interesting and momentous memories, is St. Severus's Church, with its curious spires. This church was built by the pious Landgravine Elizabeth, whose charitable and devoted conduct procured her canonization a hundred years after her death. She must have been an excellent woman, for her name lives to the present day in the love of the Hessian peasants.

The third of the churches of Cassel that deserve especial mention, is the Begler, or Beguin Church. This vast structure was once one of the most extensive and flourishing convents in Germany, and it had, in the fifteenth century, nearly seven hundred nuns as its inmates. The priory, still connected with it, and which is now used as a high-school, is an excellent representative of the picturesque though fragile architecture of the age of the Reformation. The Beguin Church was the building where the Landgrave of Hesse, after espousing the cause of Lutheranism, first worshiped under the rites of the new faith. Among the earliest preachers in this church was the illustrious and learned Melancthon.

Opposite to the Begler, or Beguin Church, is the old university building, which is now used as a military arsenal by the government. In the court-yard of this edifice, during the short-lived reign of King Jerome of Westphalia, whose capital Cassel was, the political adversaries of Napoleon, whom the court-martials of King Jerome had sentenced to death, were shot. They were placed with their backs to a white marble wall. This wall contains numerous indentures, the marks of the murderous bullets, and a number of large, black stains, which popular tradition says are the traces of the blood of the patriotic martyrs.

Close to this gloomy spot is All-Saints' Street, with its remarkable mediæval houses. In Nuremberg only can a more curious and beautiful structure of this ancient character be found.

In the rear of All-Saints' Street is the canal, with numerous ancient edifices overhanging the water, and now used principally as warehouses or tanneries.

The modern part of the city is built very regularly, and contains a large number of handsome streets; but its general impression is too monotonous.

The palace is a huge pile, but singularly destitute of interesting relics. The museum and picture-gallery are inferior to those of other capitals, and perhaps the most interesting feature of the building consists in the apartments once occupied by Napoleon's brother Jerome, which have, ever since his expulsion, been left in exactly the same condition as when he departed from Cassel.

## THE DEVIL-FISH.

### I.

THIS name is applied to two varieties of fish, and had its origin, perhaps, on our coast, in an incident which occurred some years ago in the harbor of Charleston.

A negro who had anchored his boat in what he thought a favorable place, and who was fishing quietly, suddenly felt the bow of his boat pulled down, and, instinctively rushing to the stern to keep her balanced, roared for help. The creature that had hold of his anchor began to pull him out to sea. He roared the louder, and tried to turn the boat, answering to those approaching him, who asked where he was going, "I dunno, for de debil has hold ob me!"

Either his noise or the pressure he brought to bear, caused the fish to turn, so that it soon ran on the shallows.

Those in the rescuing boats then attacked it with boat-hooks, pitchforks, and whatever other weapons came to hand, until finally it was killed. It proved to be a female specimen of the *Cephaloptera vampirus*, or ocean-vampire, also called the sea-devil. It was skinned, stuffed, and brought here to New York, where the writer of this saw it. It nearly covered the floor of the small room in which it was exhibited, measuring nine feet across, and having the form of a triangle, with one long curved side. In the middle of this long curve was the mouth, and on each side of the mouth an arm as long as a man's, and about four times as thick. These were evidently intended to convey food to its mouth, and it must have been with these that it caught and held the negro's anchor.

The Hon. William Elliott, who has written a work called "Carolina Sports by Land and Water," gives an enthusiastic account of the pursuit and capture of these fish, which are from sixteen to twenty feet across, and three feet thick.

### II.

SOME years ago a "school" of them appeared off Cape May. The neighboring fishermen became quite excited, and went after them in a schooner. They harpooned and captured some twenty of them. The largest one they caught—which, however, they declared was not the largest one they saw—measured fifteen feet in width by twelve feet in length, and weighed two thousand and forty-four pounds when disemboweled.

Mr. T. R. Peale, one of our best naturalists, told the writer of this, that, being on the lookout for curiosities for his father's museum, in Philadelphia, he saw and bought this specimen for two hundred dollars. It was, however, a good deal like buying a dead elephant.

After getting a huge dray, drawn by four strong Pennsylvania horses, to convey it, he had to apply at the Navy-Yard for the use of their shears to raise it on the dray.

No door-way could be found large enough to let it in except that of Independence Hall, and this huge offering of American seas lay there in patriotic state, surrounded by wondering groups.

Chemistry, however, soon began to make its transformations patent to surrounding noses.

Mr. Peale, therefore, made a careful drawing of the fish, and then a frame resembling it as much as possible, on which to stretch the skin. It took him all of one night to skin it, and three carts were kept busy until dawn in carrying away the flesh.

### III.

THE devil-fish of Victor Hugo, so interestingly described in his "Toilers of the Sea," belongs to a different class. He is mistaken, however, in calling it a *Cephaloptera*, which means "head-winged." It is really a *Cephalopoda*, or head-footed, because the feet, or rather arms, spring directly from the head.

He is mistaken, also, in saying that they have no beak. Most of them have a horny beak like that of a parrot, except that the under part is longer instead of the upper. One of these has been preserved, which is four and a half inches in length. The muscles in which the jaws are embedded, and by which they are worked, are extremely powerful.

A gentleman, invited to see a haul of pilchards at Dawlish, on the coast of England, testifies to the active use of these beaks in devouring the pilchards, much to the disgust of the fisherman, who seemed to regard these unbidden guests as an incarnation of all evil, and attacked them with a capacious landing-net, but so quick was the sight of these cephalopods, so ready were they in letting go, and agile in darting back and sideways, clear of the net, that, though the greedy creatures held on to the last moment, the fisherman secured only three out of the crowds that had spoiled his haul.

### IV.

MR. T. R. PEALE, who has already been referred to, told the writer of this, that, while wading along knee-deep in water, collecting shells on the coast of Florida, he saw a large conch-shell with something moving under it, and, thinking he had secured a conch with its shell, grasped it eagerly with his left hand, his right being full of other shells. In an instant his left hand and arm were tightly bound by the arms of a small octopod, which had already appropriated the shell as his house, and was disposed to fight for it. With two of his legs he held on to his house, while with the other six he held firmly the left hand and arm of Mr. Peale, who was anxious about keeping off the creature's beak, yet unwilling to let go his other shells, and therefore called lustily to his companions, who were in a boat not far off, and who soon came to his assistance. They tried to cut off the arms of the octopod, and did so partly, but they clasped so closely that, when their knives approached the skin of the hand and arm, they were forced to stop. While this was going on, they were approaching the schooner in which they had been sailing along the shore, and, as they stood upon the schooner's deck, still trying to cut him loose, the cook passed by with a dish of boiled potatoes, smoking hot, fresh from the galley. Some one said, "Let's try him with a hot potato."

On applying one of these to one of the arms, its hold was instantly loosened, and the creature was soon detached—all interested, of course, taking note that heat was the best means of detaching octopods.

## V.

MR. BEALE, an Englishman, who had gone ashore on one of the Bonin Islands to look for shells, noticed suddenly at his feet an extraordinary-looking animal crawling toward the surf, which it had evidently only just left. It was creeping on its eight legs, which, from their soft and flexible nature, bent considerably under the weight of its body, so that it was lifted by its efforts but little above the rocks. It appeared much alarmed at seeing him, and made every effort to escape. Mr. Beale endeavored to stop it by pressing on one of its legs with his foot; but, although he used considerable force for that purpose, its strength was so great that it several times liberated its limb in spite of all the efforts he could employ on the wet and slippery rocks. He then laid hold, with his hand, of one of the tentacles in which its limbs terminated, and held it firmly, so that it appeared as if the limb would be torn asunder by the united efforts of himself and the creature. He then gave it a powerful jerk, wishing to disengage it from the rocks to which it clung so forcibly by its suckers. This effort it effectually resisted; but the moment after, the apparently enraged animal lifted its head, with its large projecting eyes, and, loosening its hold of the rocks, suddenly sprang upon Mr. Beale's arm, and clung to it by means of its suckers with great power, endeavoring to get its beak, which could now be seen between the roots of its arms, in a position to bite. A sensation of horror pervaded Mr. Beale's whole frame when he found that this hideous animal had fixed itself so firmly on his arm. Its cold, slimy grasp was extremely sickening; and he called loudly to the captain, who was at some distance, to come and release him from his disgusting assailant.

The captain quickly came, and, taking him down to the boat, during which time Mr. Beale was employed in keeping the beak of the octopus away from his hand, soon released him by destroying his tormentor with the boat-knife, which he accomplished by cutting away portions at a time.

## VI.

MR. CHARLES B. BRAINARD, in a recent paper, says: "The strength which these creatures possess is almost beyond comprehension, as is evidenced by what took place when my pet (!) was captured. He had seized hold of a submarine diver at work in the wreck of a sunken steamer off the coast of Florida. The man was a powerful Irishman, who claimed to weigh three hundred pounds. His size and build fully verified his statement, and, to use his own language, 'the baste landed on top of my shoulders, and pinned my arms tight. I felt my armor and myself being cracked into a jelly.'

"It seems that he was just about being brought to the surface, else the monster would have killed him, for he was suffering so from the terrible embrace that he could

move no part of himself. When dragged into the raft from which he had descended, and finally released, he had fainted.

"The men on the raft seized the fish by one of its wriggling arms, and tried to pull it off, but could not break the power of a single one of the suckers. The fish was only removed by being dealt a heavy blow across the sac containing the stomach. This sac stood stiffly up above the eyes, which stood out like lobster's eyes, and gleamed like fire. This monster is, all in all, one of the most frightful apparitions a man can meet."

## VII.

LET US now see how large these formidable creatures sometimes grow. The one last mentioned measured four feet three inches from tip to tip of his extended arms. A recent writer (October 25, 1873) says that the Italian fishermen of San Francisco, who frequent the Farallone Islands, and go down the coast, not unfrequently take these devil-fish from eight to ten feet across; and, some months ago, he saw one hanging at a door that measured at least nine feet from tip to tip of the tentacles. In 1855, Captain Hygrom brought to Copenhagen, from the Bahama Islands, one of these fish eighteen feet long. Pliny speaks of one that infested the coast of Spain, devouring the fish and destroying the fisheries. It weighed seven hundred pounds, and its arms were more than thirty feet long. Swedianer reports that some whalers took out of the mouth of a whale pieces of a cuttle-fish that were twenty-five feet long.

A mate of a whaling-vessel stated to the writer of this, that there were enormous squids in the equatorial seas that furnished food to the sperm-whales, and that he had on one occasion seen an arm of one, thirty feet long, sticking in the mouth of a whale that seemed sick. He said he had often seen floating pieces of their arms as thick through as a flour-barrel. This latter statement is corroborated by Mr. T. R. Peale, Captain Francis Post, and Captain E. E. Smith. Another witness, whose name is not given, is quoted as having seen a piece forty feet long. The suckers on these large arms are said, by two witnesses, to be two feet across.

A large sperm-whale has an under jaw some eighteen feet long, thickly set with strong teeth. He dives down, it seems, and bites off the arms of these huge devil-fish, and devours them. A writer in the *Naturalist* of February, 1873, says: "It is a prevalent opinion among seamen that the largest being that swims is a colossal squid or cuttle-fish." So here we come at last to that old, tough story of Bishop Pontoppidan that has long been looked upon as the greatest "fish-story" extant. Briefly given, it is this:

The Norwegian fishermen sometimes find unexpected shallows when a short distance out at sea, the depth suddenly diminishing from one hundred fathoms to twenty or thirty. Then they know that the kraken is rising, and they immediately retreat. His back first appears, looking like a number of small islands. His arms rise above the surface like the masts of a vessel, and are said to have power to grasp the largest man-of-war and pull it to

the bottom. Pontoppidan's time was from 1698 to 1765, and Norwegian men-of-war, in those days, were not as large as ours. If we allow the longest piece said to be bitten off by the sperm-whale (forty feet) to be two-thirds of the arm, this would give arms sixty feet long; and such arms, on such a monster, might well be formidable to a small vessel.

In a recent number of *Nature* (June 5, 1873), the following extract gives a very curious proof of the possibility of such an attack: "A recent copy of the *Japan Gazette* states that a huge cephalopod is now shown in a house near the temple at Asaka, Yeddo. It seems that a fishing-boat was seized by its tentacles, while off the village of Kononoto, and that the boatmen killed the creature by repeated blows. Its body was sixteen feet long."

## VIII.

SINCE the above was written, a curious confirmation of these facts and possibilities has occurred quite near to us—in fact, almost upon our own coast.

The Rev. M. Harvey, of Newfoundland, in a recent communication, says:

"A few days ago (October 26, 1873), two of our fishermen were out, in a small boat, in Conception Bay, near Portugal Cove, when they saw a dark, shapeless mass floating on the water.

"On approaching, the men concluded it was a huge bale of goods—perhaps part of the cargo of some wrecked vessel—and that they had found a valuable prize. One of them struck the object with his boat-hook, when suddenly the dark heap became animated, opened out like a huge umbrella without a handle, and the horror-stricken fishermen beheld a pair of green eyes, full of intelligence, but also of ferocity, glaring at them, while its huge, parrot-like beak opened with savage and malignant purpose. The men were petrified with terror, and, for a moment, so fascinated with the horrible sight that they were powerless.

"The eyes of the monster were peculiarly large and prominent, bright, and apparently gleaming with rage. Before the fishermen could make any effort to escape, the creature, now but a few feet from the boat, appeared to open out, and suddenly there shot out from around its face several long arms of corpse-like fleshiness. Had these lithe, slimy arms, with their death-like adhesive powers, once fastened themselves on the boat or the men, nothing could have saved them from destruction; for, when the suckers with which they are furnished have taken hold, nothing can tear them away. They would have been brought in a moment within reach of the powerful beak which was ready to dart upon them.

"Only one of the longer arms reached the boat, and, owing to its length, went completely over and beyond it. Quick as lightning, one of the men seized a hatchet, and, at one blow, severed the corpse-like arm which was flung over the boat to drag it to destruction.

"The green-eyed monster uttered no cry of pain, but moved off; and the fishermen, who had thus escaped a horrible death, found themselves in possession of the amputated arm, which has been forwarded from St.



John's. I have just returned from a careful examination of it. It measures nineteen feet in length, and, as the fishermen say the devil-fish must have at least ten feet of this arm remaining, the entire length must have been twenty-nine feet. It is tough and fibrous, livid in color, and pointed at the extremity, where it is covered with rows of suckers, which are cartilaginous, horny, and about the size of a quarter of a dollar. These suckers act on the principle of a cupping-glass. Each of them consists of a firm, fleshy, cartilaginous ring, across which a disk of muscular membrane is stretched, with a circular aperture in the centre. A cone-shaped mass of flesh fills this aperture, like a piston, capable of being drawn backward. The membranous disk can also be drawn in. The moment one of these disks touches the prey, the devil-fish retracts the fleshy piston, which creates a vacuum, and makes the edge of the disk press against the surface, so that it is impossible to tear them away without destroying the arm."

Mr. Alexander Murray, the geologist of Newfoundland, in a letter to Professor Jules Marcou, dated November 10, 1873, and read before the Boston Society of Natural History, November 19, 1873, corroborates substantially this account, adding that the name of the fisherman who cut off the monster's arm was Theophilus Picot, and that the animal was seen off the eastern end of Great Belle Island, in Conception Bay. He says: "A part of this tentacle I have now in my possession, immersed in spirits. I send you with this letter a couple of photographs of the said tentacle, and a few of the small, denticulated sucking-cups. Picot says: 'The body of the animal was about sixty feet long, its general diameter not less than five feet, and the breadth of its tail at least ten feet.' He stated that, when the creature found itself mutilated, it made off backward, or tail first, after the manner of squids, darkening the water over a large space with inky emissions. The enormous proportions given above might appear to be exaggerations, were they not to a great extent borne out by the fragment of the animal which was secured, and of which the photograph will give you a fair idea. The beak, or bill, Picot says, was about as large as a six-gallon keg."

The Rev. Mr. Gabriel, now resident at Portugal Cove, but who previously resided at a place called Lamalien, on the south coast of the island, states that, in the winter of 1870-'71, two entire squids were stranded on the beach near that place, which measured respectively forty and forty-seven feet.

A recent correspondent of the *Toronto Globe* says: "A piece of rare good fortune, in connection with the devil-fish, has fallen to my lot.

"In my last letter I gave your readers an account of an interview which two of our fishermen had with a monstrous specimen of the race in Conception Bay.

"Yesterday a fisherman from Logie Bay called to say that he had captured a devil-fish in a net. I found it small, compared with the monster in Conception Bay, but much larger than Victor Hugo's. It took four stout fishermen to kill it, and they were at length compelled to cut off its head.

"Had it not been entangled in a herring-net, so that its huge arms were not available, the men would have had no chance of capturing it. I have just been examining and measuring my prize, and certainly it is one of the most extraordinary and horrible creatures ever drawn from the great deep. The entire length of the body is about nine feet, and the girth about five feet at the thickest part. The beak is small—not much bigger than a man's fist—and shaped exactly like that of a parrot.

"Around the head eight arms extend, two of them being long tentacles twenty-two feet in length, ribbon-like strips not more than two inches in circumference, and armed, at the extremities, with rows of suckers having toothed edges.

"The remaining six are powerful arms, each six feet in length, and, at the junction with the body, almost as thick as a man's thigh.

"They taper to a fine point, and are entirely covered with large suckers, having denticulated edges, diminishing in size toward the extremities, where they are not larger than a split-pea.

"Clasped in those six clammy arms, with some three hundred suckers acting at the same moment, and their sharp edges sinking into the flesh, how powerless any hapless victim would at once become!

"Altogether, my specimen is a wonderful sight, a huge cartilaginous tube surmounted by a beak and eyes, but no face, from which the immense arms radiate like the spokes of a wheel. The glutinous mass has a livid, corpse-like appearance. If Barnum had it in his show-room, what a rush there would be to see it!

"At present it occupies an ignoble position on the floor of an out-house, but I am taking measures to have it preserved."

J. M. M.

## THE DOOM OF ARCHAS.

PISISTRATUS the tyrant, famed of old,  
Had one fair daughter, whom men called  
"the good,"

Whose praise for virtues rare and manifold  
Even the rude jests of the time withstood;  
And many men of Athens sought her hand,  
Whose fame for honor went throughout the land.

Yet in her thought they found no part or place;

Her heart was still a fair, unwritten page;  
In peerless beauty, and in queenly grace,  
Her maidenhood she held for heritage,  
'Neath the deep blue of those Egean skies  
That might have stolen their color from her eyes.

Young Archas dwelt in Athens, than whose name,

Of all the nobles in that golden time,  
No one was oftener on men's lips for fame  
Of goodly deeds and pride of manly prime;  
And yet the cincture of one jeweled zone  
Held all life's sweetness from his heart alone.

In the rare gardens of Pisistratus

He walked one evening, lonely and apart,  
Weighing life's loss; and, as he pondered thus,

A sudden tremor made his pulses start—  
There stood the tyrant's daughter 'neath the trees,  
Whose boughs were parted by the amorous breeze.

With floating hair, and clothed in shining white,

She stood like Venus in her loveliness.  
Not yet the god of day had sunk from sight,  
And, lingering tenderly, with soft caress,  
From the far west, with wealth of tints untold,  
Framed the fair picture in a frame of gold.

A sudden madness seized him, heart and brain—

A passion of fierce love and desperate.  
Toward the maid he strode, spurred on by pain;

And, heedless of all shame, or fear, or fate,  
Lifting the veil that held her in eclipse,  
He kissed the budding beauty of her lips.

That night the maiden's mother sought her lord,

And told him what had chanced, with angry eye.

"For now," she said, "must Justice bare his sword

To smite him dead who made this misery,  
Else will the men of Athens flout thy name,  
Which could not shield our daughter from this shame."

Then he made answer: "Peace! it shall be done.

Mine honor shall be safe from scath or scorn.

Ere yet another day its course has run,  
This ill-deed shall be judged. To-morrow morn

The unsheathed sword of Justice shall not rust,

So men who claim me great shall call me just."

Pisistratus at judgment sat next day,

And Archas stood before him, sad and pale,

Of love and shame the thrice-accursed prey.  
Knowing no plea or prayer could now avail,  
With broken voice, and looks of dire distress,  
He told at once his crime and wretchedness.

The judge sat stern and silent, looking down

Upon the marble pavement at his feet,  
And kept his bent brows knotted in a frown,  
Till Archas, standing by the judgment-seat,

Cried: "It is just the mighty gods above  
Prove with my life my loyalty to love!"

Then said the tyrant: "Though thy deed was base,

Yet was the shame wrought through thy love of her,

So is she stainless from thy mad embrace.

These gifts the gods do on thy guilt confer—

Take thou these golden talents, go thy ways,  
But see thou follow virtue all thy days."

Then, turning to his dame, "Behold," he said,

"How Justice, even-handed, judges men!  
Here not in vain has wounded honor bled.

Our foes, indeed, we punish; but how, then,

Could I the friend who gave a loving kiss  
Judge as a foe! What, then, remained but this?"

EDWARD RENAUD.

## MISCELLANY.

## A SHOOTING-EXPEDITION IN INDIA.

AS business would compel me to remain in Calcutta for a month or so before finally setting out, my host proposed a shooting-expedition up-country; and, as Bengal tigers were to be our game, I eagerly embraced the opportunity of seeing a little tiger-shooting.

After breakfast, having stowed rifles and ammunition in the *howdahs*, the party mounted, and filed out of camp—and a goodly company we were: first, the seven *sahibs*, each sitting in his *howdah* with a servant behind him; next, about twenty elephants to be used in beating; then the horses of the party, each led by its *ayce* and followed by a grass-cutter; and lastly a crowd of native beaters. . . .

Our ground was soon reached, and, having collected a number of beaters, we began work by beating up a *nullah*, or deep, dry bed of a stream, thickly overgrown with tall reeds and grass, running for some distance through the plain. Scarcely had we entered the *nullah* before the rustling of the grass and reeds ahead, and angry trumpeting of the elephant, gave warning that game was afoot. The horses of the expectant spearmen who followed us along the banks of the *nullah* became very excited, while their riders settled themselves firmly in their saddles, preparatory to a dash after the pigs which might bolt from cover at any moment.

Thus we kept on, the noise of the beaters and trumpeting of my elephant increasing at every fresh rush ahead, until we arrived almost at the head of the *nullah*.

We were now apparently quite close on the pig, for it was with some difficulty that my *mahout* could induce his timid elephant to proceed; however, a determined application of his sharp-pointed iron goad made the animal rush forward with an angry screech, and then, with a magnificent bound, a fine leopard sprang out into the plain.

This was an unexpected treat for the pig-stickers; the chance of spearing a leopard from horseback does not occur every day, and plenty of law was given to the game. Then the spears were poised, and away the three horsemen dashed after his spotted excellency.

For about five hundred yards the chase was most exciting, and it seemed as if the fate of the leopard was sealed, for one of the party was close on it. Suddenly, however, the cunning brute doubled back and succeeded in reaching the *nullah*. This was a great disappointment, as all our efforts to get him out in the open again proved unavailing; the beast doubled backward and forward under the feet of my elephant, refusing to break cover.

More than an hour was spent in trying to beat him out, until, at last, the patience of the party being exhausted, it was suggested that I should shoot it. This was not an easy matter, as the long grass and reeds in the *nullah* were so thick that I could only now and then catch a glimpse of a few spots as he doubled past me. At last, however, after one or two ineffectual shots, I spied the sulky animal crouched under the bank of the *nullah*, within a couple of yards of my elephant's trunk. His fate was sealed, for, as he afforded me a fair sight, a charge of No. 8 shot reached his heart, and he rolled into the bottom of the *nullah* quite dead.

When he was brought out into the open he proved to be a nearly full-grown male, and very fat. The villagers who made up our party of beaters recognized him as the thief who had wrought considerable havoc among their herds for some time past; and hailed his

inanimate form with shouts of derision. Such was the beginning of this day's sport.

Having placed the leopard on the elephant, we struck off into the plain for a batch of high grass, where, as luck would have it, we put up a fine sounder of pig, and away went the horsemen in chase. One or two fair-sized pigs were speared, and, what with the excitement of the sport and the delightful coolness of the day, the spirits of the party rose high, and the death-wound of every boar was hailed by the native beaters, who saw visions of a great feast, with loud shouts of delight.

Continuing on across the plain, we reached another batch of high grass. The beaters were scarcely into it when a sounder of pig broke cover. Each rider singled out his boar, and dashed after it. One of the party, L—, a noted spear in Bengal, being better mounted than the other two, got away after a splendid old boar at a terrific pace; for nearly a mile L—'s fine Australian horse did his best, but the old boar held his own very pluckily. It really was a hard race, and at one time it seemed, as I watched it from the top of the elephant, that piggy would get the best of it; but he had a bold and determined spear behind him, and it soon became evident that the horse was gaining.

The boar, perceiving that he could not reach fresh cover, doubled back toward his old haunt, and then it became a race of life and death for him. He had done his best, and every stride now brought L— closer to him, until at last horse and boar raced alongside each other, so close that the long flakes of foam blown from the jaws of the pig dotted the flanks of the horse. Now was the time; L—, rising in his stirrups, gave a mighty thrust as his horse shot past the quarry. The boar, deeply stricken, but too far behind the shoulder, stopped short, while L—, unable to withdraw his spear, passed on, leaving it sticking upright in the body of the boar.

By this time the rest of the party had advanced to within a few hundred yards of L—, who rode up for another spear, and then returned to the encounter.

The boar had stood champing his teeth in impotent rage from the time of his being struck, but, when he perceived L— coming toward him again, the game old patriarch charged right gallantly. L— met him, and delivered another thrust which only seemed to increase the anger of the boar. And now a running fight was kept up; time after time was L— charged, and each time was the boar received on his spear. In the mean while another of the party came up, after having dispatched his pig; it happened to be mounted on a pony which refused to face the savage-looking enemy, so he changed his mount for an iron-gray mare, apparently a griffin at her work, for in the first charge the boar inflicted a nasty cut on her off hind-leg, and thus disposed of his new enemy.

Again L—, on his splendid Australian, came to the charge. The boar, though weak from loss of blood, still came gallantly on; but, as he rose to L—'s spear, he tottered, and, staggering a yard or two, fell, and rolled over dead.

A more gallant encounter than this I never witnessed. The savage and determined gameness of the boar was only equaled by the horseman's cool daring; and I think, of all manly and brave sports, that of pig-sticking, as practised by English *shikaries* in India, bears off the palm.

As it was now long past mid-day, and all were satisfied with the bag, we returned to camp, where the rest of the party had already assembled for *tiffin*. After this meal we adjourned to the boats to clean our rifles and prepare for the morrow, as some native *shikaries* had brought in *Khubber* (news) of a tiger lying in a *nullah* a few miles from camp.

All were astir early next morning, and, after a hurried breakfast, the *howdahs* were fixed, ammunition and lunch stowed away, and the party started in quest of his striped majesty.

The *shikaries* who had brought the news soon led us to the *nullah* where the game had been seen. Here a council was held by the veterans of our party, and the programme of proceedings arranged.

We were divided into two parties, stationed along either side of the *nullah*, at distant points where the cover was thinnest, so as to get a shot as the tiger retreated before the beaters. When each had taken up his station, the elephants entered the head of the *nullah* and commenced beating down. We were soon aware that game was afoot. The elephants' keen scent discovered the tiger, but somehow or other he managed to steal away to another *nullah*, and it was not until late in the day, when most of the party were dismounted for lunch, that the report of a rifle some distance ahead, accompanied by loud shouts and the sharp, angry screech of the elephants, told us that the first tiger had been bagged.

When the successful *sahib* joined us, we learned that it had been an easy kill—one ball through the shoulder had laid low a magnificent male tiger, which shortly made its appearance on the back of an elephant.

Having admired its proportions, we were on the point of mounting again to make our way toward camp and fill up the bag with a few deer and partridges, when two natives were seen hurrying toward us, shouting, "*Bagh! bagh!*" ("Tiger! tiger!") This was welcome news, and we soon learned that they had just seen a large tiger take to a *nullah* not a quarter of a mile distant. Our party were speedily *en route* for his majesty's domain, and, on arriving at the *nullah*, the order of battle was again formed. Before the beaters had been at work half an hour, the report of a rifle some distance down the *nullah* announced that the enemy had made his appearance. After a few minutes' silence, a shout informed us that the shot was unsuccessful, and that the tiger had doubled back. Presently a great hubbub among the elephants in the *nullah*, and the shouts of the frightened *mahouts*, announced that the tiger was among them, and there he remained, apparently determined not to budge.

It so happened that I was stationed on the side of the *nullah* close to the beaters, and from my *howdah* I could see all that took place. The tiger lay in some long reeds, and refused to budge. The elephants, one after the other, declined to face him, and it appeared that his majesty intended quietly to remain where he was. At last, however, a huge male elephant, which from its savage temper had been purposely kept in the background, was brought to the attack by his *mahout*, a thin, withered old man. It was grand to see the wrath of the elephant. Holding his trunk aloft, and swaying about his mighty legs, he stood for a minute or so uttering terrific roars, until, becoming perfectly frantic, he dashed into the reeds, and literally lifted the tiger on his enormous tusks, and threw him right out of the *nullah* into the open.

I had a fair right-and-left shot, but my excitement was so great that I made a clean miss. A perfect shower of balls was sent after the tiger as he made a short run in the open, but he reached the *nullah*, where, plunging out of sight for a moment, he reappeared at the opposite bank, and made off across-country, giving me another chance. A ball from my second barrel reached him, and broke his spine: this sealed his fate. Our host, who was on the opposite bank, went up to him as he sat with his hind-quarters paralyzed and the rest of his body raised on his

fore-legs, looking magnificently defiant, and quietly dispatched him by putting a ball through his head.

Satisfied with our first bag of tigers, we returned to camp late in the evening, tremendously hungry and very proud of our day's work.

While we were at dinner, both the tigers were brought into camp, attended by a great crowd of villagers, who had gathered from all the villages within miles of us, and, the moment the tigers were taken off the elephants, the crowd made a rush and commenced fighting among themselves for the tigers' whiskers, which the natives of India consider a sovereign preventive against sickness.—"*The Mishmee Hills*," by T. T. Cooper (London).

### THE ALHAMBRA.

NEXT morning we called on Don Rafael Contreras, the governor, who kindly gave us unlimited permission to do whatever we liked.

On our way to his house we asked the boy who guided us, "Is that the Arab Palace?" pointing to the tall, red towers.

No; that was the Alcazaba, the prison.

"It had always been a prison; and there was the Torre de la Vela," pointing to one where a bell hung.

"Where, then, was the Arab Palace?"

"There," pointing to Charles V.'s.

"But the Moorish one?" said I, doubtfully.

"Yes;" this time indicating a thicket of oleanders.

"But where is the entrance?"

Still the oleanders were pointed out, where there was only a little, low wall, and no palace. So I asked the governor's servant, who pointed quite in a different direction, into a myrtle-hedge on the other side of Charles V.'s Palace, where one could perceive no building of any kind.

It was puzzling; surely it could not be so very difficult to find; so we walked up and down, and round and round, in vain, till I began to think the genii of the place had rendered it invisible.

At length we condescended to take a small boy with us. I thought that, after the fashion of those imps of darkness, Spanish boys, he was leading us all wrong; for he first took us alongside of Charles V.'s Palace, where I knew there was no other entrance; only the low mud-wall and the clump of oleanders. Next, regardless of my remonstrances, he plunged into that same palace, where we had already been, and in which we knew there was nothing to see; and then proceeded to dive into the bowels of the earth! I really thought this was to turn out a stupid practical joke, if not worse, and very nearly refused to go on. But just then an official, with a gold band round his hat, appeared (at least his hat did), as through a trap-door, and motioned us to advance. We did so, and found a flight of steps going down apparently into the earth; but the friendly official, and the still more friendly apparition of a pleasant-looking gray cat, encouraged us to proceed. We ran down the steps, and, instead of finding ourselves, as I had feared, in a dark cellar, we were in the Palace of Boabdil! In the Court of Myrtles, with its hedges of fragrant leaves and white, starry blossoms, inclosing the pale-green water trembling in the golden light, and before us the slim colonnades and lace-like fretwork, so strange and yet so familiar.

Away we wandered to the Court of Lions, to the Hall of the Dos Hermanas, and looked into Lindaraja's Garden; then into the Hall of Justice, with its solemn portraits of turbaned and bearded Moors sitting in council; to the Hall of the Abencerrages, where the dark-red stains by the fountain recall a bloody

tale; up to the Tocador de la Reyna, and looked out at the Sierra Nevada, and the Generalife among its cypresses. Then, down through light, pillared galleries, with wondrous glimpses of the outer world; down, down into the dim bath-rooms, all rich gold, and crimson, and blue; up again into still, sunny courts, full of bright orange-trees and tall, dark cypresses; then into the mosque where Boabdil worshiped. And ever that forest of slender columns, and those marvelous arches, all pale yellow in the July sunshine! At last we found ourselves in the Hall of Ambassadors, with its glorious views of Vega, Sierra, and mountain-valley, and the exquisite frame of those lovely pictures! But who can describe the Alhambra? It is the one thing on earth in which disappointment is impossible—the great wonder of the world.

When we left it that day, and stood once more in the half-built modern palace, it seemed as if this lovely Arabian dream had vanished, swallowed up in the commonplace, work-a-day earth. We could scarcely believe that we might come back and back, as often as we pleased, and still find it again.

Many a long, bright summer day did we spend there, sitting with books and drawing-materials under the colonnade in the Court of Lions, or, when it grew too hot there, in the Hall of Ambassadors, which, with its unglazed windows to north, east, and west, and its seventy feet of height, could never be otherwise than perfectly cool. At all hours, in the early morning, at mid-day, and even by moonlight, we went out and in as we pleased. Always beautiful, I think it was less so by moonlight than at any other time; at noon, it seemed to us the most enchanting. One peculiarity of the Alhambra is, however, that everybody always thinks he himself has seen it in its greatest perfection. Often have we been told, "Oh! but you should have seen it in spring, when the violets are out, and the nightingales are singing, and the Sierra Nevada is white as the Alps." It is, indeed, a melancholy fact that the violets were over, and the nightingales silent, by the time we arrived; but one cannot have every thing; if we had had violets, we should not have had oleanders nor myrtle-blossoms—and the strange dreaminess, the Oriental charm of the Alhambra, seems to demand the hottest blaze of a July sun—then one feels all the luxury of its great, cool halls and shady colonnades. Winter must, I should think, be much too cold at Granada; and autumn, with its falling leaves and its storms, is like a note out of tune: all decay, all fading, all imperfection, jars on one here.

Two things particularly struck us in the Alhambra—namely, its great size and its perfect preservation. We had expected to see an exquisite little ruin; instead of which here was a very large palace in excellent repair. In a week it could be made habitable, and perfectly comfortable; and, as to size, besides the great Hall of Ambassadors, there is the Court of Myrtles, one hundred and fifty feet long, and the Court of Lions more than a hundred; and yet they look small, compared with the whole. The restorations are now most skillfully made, the greatest attention being paid to correctness in the Arabic inscriptions. This was not formerly the case; in the bath-room, which was restored about forty years ago, there are some inaccuracies, the restorer not having been an Arabic scholar, and having regarded the Cufic letters as mere ornamentation, without meaning. In particular, the letter *m* in *Sumna*, or "felicity," is omitted, thereby making absolute nonsense.

The profusion of those Arabic inscriptions, and the curious way in which they are woven into ornamental patterns, are very remarkable. Some are obvious at the very first glance; and one soon gets so accustomed to

the forms of the letters that, without any knowledge whatever of the language, one recognizes the frequent repetitions of, for instance, "There is no conqueror but God."

We were fortunate enough to be acquainted with an excellent Arabic scholar in Granada, who kindly came with us sometimes to the Alhambra, to show us how to read the inscriptions. Every part of it is covered with writing: some in letters so large that half a dozen of them cover a whole wall; some so small as to be almost invisible; some in the modern cursive Arabic; others in the old Cufic character, which bears about the same resemblance to the modern as black-letter does to the English of the present day. I do not think the Cufic character is ever used in merely poetical and secular inscriptions; it was probably considered too sacred. The peculiarity of these Cufic letters is their squareness and angular form, as distinguished from the flowing curves of the modern writing. It is, at first, much more difficult to distinguish from mere ornamentation, as it often looks like geometrical tracery; and, besides, the words are inverted and bent together at the corners, much in the style of monograms on letter-paper. But we, at length, learned to decipher them; and one of our great pleasures was to look for inscriptions in the most out-of-the-way places, high up on the roof, on capitals of pillars, on *azulejos*, everywhere. I do believe they are inexhaustible; our kind friend, who had spent four years in the Alhambra studying those inscriptions, one day, when with us, found a tiny one that he had never before observed.

It is like a fairy-tale—as, indeed, every thing in the Alhambra is. You look at a wall, thinking it covered with beautiful but meaningless ornament; gradually, flowers and leaves seem to bud and blossom before you, and finally they arrange themselves into words of welcome to man, or of praise and glory to God: "Blessing," "Felicity," "There is no conqueror but God," "God is our refuge in every trouble"—such was the theism of the Arabs.

During July and August, our long afternoons here were most delicious, spent in those airy halls, reading the old Spanish ballads, the Romances and Cancioneros, which tell of the Moorish and Christian feats of ancient days, of tournaments and bull-fights, and gallant knights and beauteous ladies; of love, and war, and bloodshed—till the Dream-world seemed the real one, and it felt quite strange to go back to the hotel and be offered the *Times* and the *Sicle*.

Here also we read Washington Irving's delightful tales. Most of the legends he mentions are really believed in by the people to this day. They are quite convinced that all tortoise-shell cats are Moorish princesses in disguise, who will one day resume their human shape; they are, therefore, much prized, and a tortoise-shell kitten is always reared, and treated with the utmost respect. I am not sure that they altogether believe in the enchanter who sits among his treasures below the Siete Suelos Tower, or the myrtle-wreaths that become emerald and pearl; but, when the trees take strange shapes in the moonlight, they rather think that the top-most branches are Moorish and Christian knights on horseback, fighting in the air. Here earth and air are indeed haunted.—"*A Summer in Spain*," by Mrs. Ramsay (London).

### MARITIME CEREMONIALS.

THE theory on which maritime ceremonial was primitively based, was that naval as well as military salutes should render the saluter temporarily powerless. Thus, firing guns, or



dropping sword - points, or presenting arms, symbolically deprived the ship or soldier of all power of aggression for the moment: dipping colors and lowering sails and manning yards, all present the same idea of respectful innocuity. In early times salutes were given in the open sea; between vessels of equal rank or rights they consisted only in a certain number of cannon-shots. But, in cases of inequality—and with the finely-shaded differences which formerly existed, these cases were the more numerous—the inferior side had to add some additional sign of deference—to lower or hoist its flag, to furl its upper sails, or to change its tack, according to the exigencies of the case. The relative signification of these various forms is clearly indicated by a writer in the *Encyclopédie Maritime*, who says, "Le salut du canon est majestueux, celui du pavillon plié est humble, si on l'annéte tout bas il est de la plus grande humilité, et même avilissant." England was quite aware of this; so, in the time of James I., she insisted that her maritime supremacy should be recognized by the instant disappearance of the flags and sails of all other ships, English vessels showing their opinion of their own importance by offering no kind of recognition in return. Of course this vexed other countries, and provoked resistance from such of them as were strong enough to risk it. It is true that Philip II. had introduced this sort of action some time before by ordering all Spanish ships to refuse to salute any foreign vessel, and to fight and go to the bottom rather than give way; and that, in his tremendous pride, he had even forbidden his captains to lower his flag in any foreign port. Encouraged by this example, France soon afterward gave precisely similar instructions to her fleet; and it was while these instructions were in force that Sully raised the fury of his government by lowering the French colors to an English squadron when he was on his voyage to England as ambassador. This last event brought about so bitter a discussion between the two governments, that at last, as the best way out of it, an Order in Council was issued, telling English officers either to avoid French ships altogether, or to stipulate for a simultaneous salute. The French Government imitated this solution, but it was of course impossible to practically maintain it in force; so, in 1689, when Louis XIV. was in all his glory, he dealt with the matter afresh, in the old way, by once more requiring his officers to oblige the vessels of every other state to salute them first, wherever they might be. This ordinance was one of the causes of the war which broke out in the same year between France and England, and did not finish till the Peace of Ryswyk in 1697.

In the eighteenth century a change took place; the hauling down of flags of weaker powers was, by degrees, no longer claimed. Russia and Sweden agreed in 1721, by the Treaty of Nystadt, that their war-ships should meet on a footing of equality, and that vessels of both nations should give the first salute to ports or fortresses of the other. This example was followed; distinctions began to disappear, though, as a consequence of the old theory of royal honors, the ships of monarchies still continued to claim the first salute from the vessels and even from the ports of a republic. At last, in 1787, France and Russia agreed by treaty that "henceforth salutes shall no longer take place at sea." The same stipulation was soon after introduced into the conventions between the courts of St. Petersburg, Stockholm, and Copenhagen, and, later on, into successive treaties between Russia and the Two Sicilies and Portugal. We may, consequently, thank Russia for having been the first to introduce a total change into the character of maritime ceremonial, and to give to it its present character of equality.

The opinions of the publicists on the con-

dition of the question since 1815 may be summed up as follows:

1. All sovereign states are equal in every thing that concerns maritime ceremonial.
2. Salutes are obligatory on no one; they are pure acts of courtesy.
3. If a salute is not returned, explanations may be asked for, but no hostile action can be taken.
4. If two ships salute in the open sea, the inferior officer should begin.
5. Ships carrying sovereigns, princes, or ambassadors, always receive the first salute.
6. All these conditions apply to war-ships only; merchant-vessels owe no salute at all.

In addition to these general rules as between ships and ships, there is the habit which prescribes that every vessel arriving in a foreign port shall salute the flag on anchoring. The salute between ships and land is never personal, it is exclusively international; and the older books contain enraptured chapters on it, full of beautiful language about "deference to the foreign soul." Translated into an intelligible sentence, this means that, in the opinion of their authors (it scarcely need be said that they are German), a salute to the flag of another country is imaginatively addressed to the inner self, the soul, the *dme*, the *seel* of that country. Salutes to persons of whatever rank do not excite the emotions of these eager jurists as homage to the flag does; the former provokes their close but critical attention; the latter excites their nobler aspirations, and leads them on, through fog, to poetry. They exaggerate inconceivably, they talk prodigious nonsense; but the idea which tempts them is, in itself, sound, solid, and attractive; there is a real justification for the admiration they express for the incarnation of a nation in its colors, and of the sentiment of honor which attaches to such emblems. What a pity it is that they have not all talked about it in a sane spirit, and in comprehensible grammar! It is the one reasonable part of their entire subject; it is the single element of ceremonial which appeals to our heads and our hearts; so, naturally, they have composed greater twaddle about it than on all the rest together.

International salutes—from flag to flag—are returned by an exactly corresponding number of shots, while those to officers or functionaries vary, on both sides, with the degree of rank. In addition to these manifestations of courtesy on arrival in a port (to which might be added all the ceremonial as to visits between officers), it is usual for vessels to associate themselves—unless there be some political reason to the contrary—with every public demonstration of mourning or rejoicing which may occur while they are in a foreign port. If, for such purposes, officers go on shore officially, their precedence is determined by their grade, and, for each grade, by the order in which they reached the anchorage.

Each nation has promulgated regulations of its own for the guidance of its naval officers on all these questions. The English rules are laconic and inexplicit; those of France (the present edition of these dates only from 1868) are very precise and clear; those of the United States are singularly minute. With reference to these last, it may be observed as an odd fact that, while the American President is saluted by his own fleet with a fixed number of twenty-one guns, the official salute of the United States to foreigners is made up of as many shots as there are States in the confederation (forty at this moment). The Spanish rules—which date from 1838—indicate in substance that Spanish ships are to do what other vessels do, which reminds one of the practices of a hundred years ago. But all these ordinances prescribe, without exception, that no salute

is ever to be given unless it is quite certain that it will be regularly returned.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

## LABOULAYE.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

VERSAILLES in early June is one of the most delightful places of residence in the world. When I was there, thirty years ago, there was something decidedly and charmingly dreamy about the town. Such a contrast to noisy, magnificent Paris. Why, the grass was growing in the Rue Royale, and at the hotel they seemed to wonder that any stranger should come and stop there. I really thought that I had the scene of "Dornroschen" before me, and what few people I met in the streets, it seemed to me, would have been more in keeping with the general aspect of their town had they worn the costume of the seventeenth century.

How every thing was changed when I arrived there on the 2d of June last! Everywhere soldiers and civil dignitaries, from the haughty minister down to the supercilious *Avanturier*. But, then, Versailles, from a mere historical relic, a sort of mausoleum of King Louis le Grand, had become the political capital of France, the seat of its president and of its National Assembly.

When I alighted at the railway-depot a smart-looking boy said to me: "Shall I conduct monsieur to the palace of the National Assembly? Only two sous."

The boy looked in surprise at me when I shook my head. He undoubtedly thought, "What can the old stranger have come to Versailles for, but to attend a sitting of the National Assembly?"

Ah! the boy did not know how many assemblies I had visited in the course of my long life. These noisy, monotonous bodies never had any attraction for me.

The boy was about turning away from me, when I said to him:

"My son, can you show me where M. Edouard Laboulaye lives?"

"Certainly," he said; "he lives on the corner of the Avenue de la République and the Rue des Boulangers."

I gave him two sous, and he led the way thither.

Ten minutes afterward we were there. M. Laboulaye's residence is a veritable little fairy palace—a beautiful villa, grown all over with ivy and grape-vines, and set in the most luxuriant bouquet of roses, such as I had never seen anywhere except in the gardens of Lombardy.

At the gate I was received by a lady of twenty-five. I gave her my card, and asked for M. Laboulaye.

"He is not yet back from the Assembly," she replied; "but it is two o'clock, and we look for him every moment."

I took a seat opposite her on the veranda. She told me she was Laboulaye's eldest daughter. Looking at my card again, she said, "Monsieur is a German?"

"Do you judge so from the foreign accent with which I speak your language?" I asked.

"Oh, no; from your name," she answered, with a smile.

When I told her I was a Dane, her manner toward me became by far more cordial; and when I told her who I was, she shook me by the hand, and exclaimed:

"O my dear Monsieur Andersen, you are no stranger at our house. Papa knows you, and . . .," so forth, dear reader. The young lady made me blush as she alluded to my tales. She ran to the library, and quickly

returned with a volume of the French translation of my tales.

"See how well-thumbed it is. Papa read this book to us years ago; and there he is to tell you so himself," she added, rising, and pointing to a slender, elderly gentleman, with thoughtful mien, somewhat bent form, and scanty gray hair.

She ran to meet him, and whispered a few words to him. It was her father, the eloquent and learned Edouard Laboulaye. He at once turned his brightening eyes toward me, and accelerated his pace. A second later our hands were clasped together.

I had the heartiest greeting from the eminent scholar. Scholar, do I say? Laboulaye is one of the few mortals that combine all intellectual excellences in themselves. As M. Jean Lemoine had told me that very morning, "You will find in him a great jurist, a sagacious statesman, a brilliant orator, a sweet poet, a fascinating story-teller, and—the most amiable of men."

That was a true description, every word of it.

M. Laboulaye excused himself for being hungry. "Would I lunch with him?" A few minutes afterward we drank a cup of milk, and ate a boiled egg or two.

Meanwhile, Laboulaye was talking politics to me. His faith in the destinies of France was truly glowing. Not a word did he believe of the boasts of the royalists, that they were sure to restore the monarchy. "France never was more solidly republican than today," he said.

He asked me whom I had met in Paris. I said, Alphonse Karr and George Sand. He made no remarks about the latter (he thinks her influence upon French literature mischievous and injurious); but remarked, in regard to Karr: "The poor man has frittered his talents away. They are very great, I can assure you, and yet he has not written any thing that will live after him. His pen rested for fifteen years; and when, at length, he published a book again, we looked for something extraordinary. A great disappointment. He had better kept silence altogether."

He himself, he told me then, had not written any thing worth mentioning for several years.

"I believe," he said, smilingly, "I have done my share as a writer. The reviews, the *Journal des Débats*, and committee-work in the Assembly, absorb most of my time."

"And yet," I remarked, "I was told that you were issuing a revised edition of your *belles-lettres* works."

"Oh, yes; that takes about two hours every morning before breakfast," he answered; and then he told me all about how he spent his days: work, work, work, from early dawn till late at night. And yet, most people would call Laboulaye an old man. I found this capacity for long-continued mental work among the French scholars to a greater extent than in any other country. M. Guizot, I was told, was daily ten hours at his desk. . . .

I expressed my extreme regret at being too feeble for much serious work. M. Laboulaye was kind enough to praise my last little book, and he made me promise to send him a copy of it in Danish—for this extraordinary man, besides his other wonderful attainments, reads almost all the languages of Europe. As we were conversing, the letter-carrier came in, and deposited a dozen newspapers from various countries on our table. I picked up the London *Times*, and M. Laboulaye observed that he wished his own country had such a journal. "The trouble with us, however," he said, "is, that we are averse to reading much serious matter at one time. The average Frenchman cannot stand more than one editorial. The English, on the contrary, care more for news, however poorly written, than for our gay French newspaper trifles.

. . ." And so the conversation went on for an hour longer, until it became time for me to take the train back to Paris.

I had spent one of the most delightful days of my whole journey.—*Scandinavian Review.*

#### A TEA PLANTATION.

On the following morning I visited the plantation in company with my host, who, speedily engaged in attending to his business, left me for a while to walk about, thus giving me an opportunity, while I sauntered about, to enjoy the cool morning air, and watch the coolies picking the leaves for manufacture.

The plantation was very extensive, many acres of ground being planted with healthy-looking trees in uniform rows, about three or four feet apart, somewhat resembling neatly-trimmed box-trees, every tree being carefully clipped, and perfectly flat on the top, which imparted a unique regularity to the plantation.

There are three kinds of tea-plant grown in Assam: the indigenous, the Chinese, and the hybrid species. The first grows well, and is a small, bushy plant, cultivated to about eighteen inches in height, with a very thick foliage of small leaves. The second is a taller and stronger-looking plant, about three feet in height, with a larger leaf, which, when manufactured, yields a dark, strong-flavored brew. The third, or hybrid plant, is cultivated to a height of two feet, or thereabouts; is a very hardy plant, much in favor among the planters.

The cultivation of tea requires great attention; constant hoeing is necessary to keep the plants free from weeds during the gathering season, for, at that time of the year, from May to September, the constant rains saturate the earth, which, acted upon by the great heat of the sun, produces vegetation in a marvellous manner. Constant and judicious clipping is also of great importance, so as to produce an abundance of young, tender shoots, the leaves from which are those used in the manufacture of the best tea.

During the making season the work-people must be constantly on the alert, for a night's rain, with an hour or two of sunshine in the morning, is sufficient to cause the young shoots to open out their leaves, which must be gathered at once, twenty-four hours often being sufficient to impart a crispness to the leaf, which renders it useless for manufacture. Under these circumstances, it is easy to conceive how much the planters have to depend upon the honesty and willingness of their laborers, who can, at any time, by refusing to turn out, inflict a severe loss upon their employer; and yet one hears, from time to time, of strong laws being passed to protect the cooly from the planter, as though the latter were not entirely in the hands of the coolies.

An illustration of this, which occurred during my visit, may show that this assertion is not too strong. A neighboring planter came in, one morning, on his way to the court at Debrughur, whither he was bound, to procure warrants for the apprehension of some absentees without leave. He incidentally remarked that all his laborers had had a fight among themselves, and accordingly refused to work that morning. It was a serious loss, as the young leaves ready to be picked that day would, by the next morning, have deteriorated in quality. I suggested that they deserved punishment. The planter replied that, to punish them, would be the same as fining himself several thousand rupees, and one day's loss was better than many. It was plain that, while the coolies were attending at court, or suffering imprisonment, they could pick no tea.

While Assam is looked upon as a land of

banishment to which few government servants like to be sent, and as long as the visits of high officials are confined to the cool and broad water highway of the Bramapootra, there is little hope that the progress of the country will be either rapid or satisfactory.

The establishment of a chief commissionership for Assam would be an experiment, the success of which might earn distinction for some energetic viceroy, if the Bengal Government could only be persuaded to detach this province from its jurisdiction.

After spending some time in walking about the plantation, I was shown through the Godowns, where a number of people were busy manufacturing the leaf into tea.

A short description of the mode of manufacturing it may, perhaps, interest some of my readers.

Outside the tea-house were large mats, on which fresh-gathered leaves were spread, and these leaves, as they became slightly withered and tough, were carried into a room in the tea-house, where they were carefully examined, and all large and coarse leaves taken out. After this they were handed to men called rollers, who proceeded to roll them gently, in large handfuls, on a board, until they were bruised without being broken. Under this process, which requires great skill and delicacy of manipulation both hands being used very swiftly, with a peculiar turn of the wrist, the leaves exude a juice, and assume that peculiar twisted or rolled appearance to be noticed in the article when ready for consumption. As each handful of tea showed by the twist in the leaf that it had been sufficiently rolled, it was slightly pressed into a ball, and laid aside to ferment for longer or shorter intervals, according to the strength of the tea required. This rolling and fermenting process occupies, perhaps, a couple of days, more or less, after which the balls are carefully broken up and spread on mats or iron pans, which are then placed in the sun, or over slow ovens, to dry off, this drying process also requiring the greatest care lest the leaf should be overbaked.

After this drying process, the tea is again carefully picked and sifted; all large, discolored leaves, and foreign substances, are removed, generally by women or girls, whose deft fingers work with great rapidity. In the sifting process, all dust and grit is got rid of, and the tea rendered fit for packing in the large, lead-lined boxes in which it is exported to Calcutta. Here it is again manipulated, probably not to its advantage, or that of the English consumer, for whom it is repacked in the familiar tea-chests.—*"The Mishmee Hills,"* by T. T. Cooper (London).

#### MILTON.

WE may love the free-flowing style and negligent grandeur of the Elizabethan dramatists more than the stately periods of the great poet of the Commonwealth; but, as long as true taste subsists, Milton's mere method of composition, even though we might regret to see it imitated, will be esteemed an enormous gain to English poetry. The "long majestic march and energy divine" are wholly his, and no one in the English tongue has equaled him in making language give forth sound that may match with the rolling, soaring, swelling, and sinking of a mighty organ. It is magnificently, matchlessly sonorous, and the sense is as full as the sound. He speaks in thunder, though the lightning-flash we somewhat miss. His muse is a cherubic trumpet blowing martial sounds. Anon his voice bellows through the vast and boundless deep. He is master, supreme master, of the whole gamut of metrical sound. Shelley is not softer or sweeter, Byron not more tumultuously sonorous, Shakespeare not more sub-

tile in his cadences. His style is grandly marshaled, and marches on with never-broken step, as an army of giants might march over forests and jungle, mountains and the rolling sea.

"These were the prime in order and in might;  
The rest were long to tell, though far renowned:  
The Ionian gods, of Javan's issue held;  
Gods, yet confessed later than Heaven and Earth,  
Their boasted parents; Titan, Heaven's first-born,  
With his enormous brood, and birthright seized  
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,  
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;  
So Jove usurping reigned. These first in Crete  
And Ida known, thence, on the snowy tip  
Of cold Olympus, ruled the middle air,  
Their highest heaven; or, on the Delphian cliff,  
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds  
Of Doric land; or who, with Saturn old,  
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,  
And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost isles."

Is it possible to praise a diction and a rhythm which seem to chant their own praises as they march along? And what shall we say of the knowledge, the erudition, the culture, apparent on every page? the promptness of illustration, the *copia fandi*, the wealth of appropriate words, the stores of thought; learning brought from all the corners of the world to build and adorn the ambitious edifice? Could the studious age, the later manhood of English poetry, by any possibility have found a nobler voice? Once we have quitted the green meadows and the turbulent streets, the avenues of bright fancy and of stormy passions; when we are no longer so much mere irresponsible force, reveling in its own power and vitality, but have become sedate and responsible citizens, husbands, fathers, church-goers—how could we wish for a representative more calculated to inspire us with pride and self-respect? If English poetry be a conscious entity, and can look back with delight and satisfaction on its free and joyous childhood in Chaucer, on its dignified and aspiring youth in Spenser, on its full-blooded, various, active, tolerant early manhood in Shakespeare, will it not also exult to think of its serious, stately, erudite, sublime, and religious later manhood in a Milton?—"Cycle of English Song," Temple Bar.

#### ROCHEFORT DURING HIS SEA-VOYAGE.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

An officer on board the French man-of-war which took Henri Rochefort and his fellow-convicts to the distant shores of New Caledonia, publishes in the Paris *Petit Journal* the following entertaining account of how the former editor of *La Lanterne* and *La Marseillaise* passed his time during his long and weary sea-voyage. Rochefort did not die on board ship, as was reported some time ago, but arrived in New Caledonia in much better health than when he left France:

"For the first week after our departure from France," writes the correspondent of the *Petit Journal*, "nothing could exceed the dejection of our distinguished passenger, so that everybody on board sincerely pitied him. Like all nervous persons, he became very sea-sick, and the sea, moreover, was quite rough. On Sunday morning it cleared up, and we prevailed upon M. Rochefort to come on deck. The sea looked superb. Rochefort was bewildered and almost spellbound by the inexpressibly magnificent spectacle. All the officers gathered around him, and cheered him up. At last he smiled faintly, and consented to take a glass of wine with us. How pale the poor fellow looked! He asked if any of us had been in New Caledonia before. I said I had been there. Then he eagerly inquired about the country. I gave him a glowing description of its beautiful scenery, of its mild and salubrious climate, assuring him that his health would certainly be strengthened there. He shook his head sadly, and

went below again. But after that his spirits steadily improved, and a week later we found him almost gay—the charming talker and witty satirist which had been known and admired in the best circles of French society. He wrote a few sketches, and we were convulsed with laughter as he read them to us. At Madeira we stopped two days. It grieved our good captain sincerely to be unable to allow M. Rochefort to go ashore. When we crossed the line, Rochefort was duly initiated by the jolly tars, and their curious antics amused him greatly. He gave the captain one hundred francs for extra wine-rations for the crew. We did not stop at St. Helena, the wind being exceedingly unfavorable. Shortly afterward M. Rochefort wrote a little play, which was most creditably performed by some of the prisoners. The latter were treated almost as free men. Certainly most of them were in as good humor as if they were traveling for pleasure.

"Stormy weather set in, and for nearly a whole week we were confined to the cabin. During this time M. Rochefort entertained us greatly by reading to us the manuscript of his 'History of the Second Empire.' This work he is not allowed to publish, the Government having refused to grant him the necessary consent. It is a curious work, very bitter, of course, and extreme in its views; but, for all this, perhaps the more entertaining. He allowed us to criticise the book very freely, and he consented to make a number of alterations at our suggestion. His description of the capitulation of Sedan is intensely graphic, and as bitter as the most scathing chapters in Michelet's last volume. The preface is headed by the motto, '*Nil admirari*.' In effect, I believe no one is highly praised in the whole book except M. de Bismarck, for whom Rochefort entertains the greatest respect. Of most of the members of the defunct Commune he speaks with withering contempt. They have more interest than anybody else to desire the permanent suppression of the book. A month after our departure, M. Rochefort had gained fifteen pounds in flesh, and his color had become much healthier. We had a small printing-press on board, and we actually got out two numbers of a journal, most of the articles having been written by M. Rochefort. The whole edition, however, was only twenty copies. The journal was entitled *L'orage* (*The Storm*); I preserved two copies of this journalistic curiosity. . . . Then we had the theatricals again, and a mock debate, in which M. Rochefort took the leading part. In a word, he was the soul of our otherwise monotonous life on shipboard, and we all became sincerely attached to him. However, as we approached the end of our voyage, his spirits became again less buoyant, although he was bravely struggling against fresh fits of depression. It is certainly terrible for this light-hearted and light-headed Parisian *bon-vivant* to be exiled to the other end of the world. . . ."

#### THE EMPEROR'S AQUARIUM.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

At Babelsberg, the country-seat of the Emperor William of Germany, there is an aquarium, the like of which cannot probably be found anywhere. In 1850, the then Prince of Prussia, now the emperor, laid the foundation of this unique establishment. He had always been a passionate angler, and had even written in his youth a very acceptable monograph on the fishes of the Spree and the Elbe. In the above-mentioned year he began to raise, artificially, salmon, trout, carps, and other valuable fish, in the marble-bottomed pond at Babelsberg. The observations he made on that occasion excited his

interest so greatly that he made similar observations and studies in his library in a large glass vessel, which he had had made for that purpose in Paris. Day after day he carefully watched the marvelous changes going on among the aquatic beings in his glass vessel. He added to their number every day, and soon replaced the original vessel by one three times as large.

In 1857 the aquarium of the Prince of Prussia assumed such proportions that a large room on the ground-floor of the Babelsberg palace was set apart for it. The floors and walls were covered with marble, and the two sides were covered with heavy plate-glass. Two-thirds of this splendid aquarium were filled with fresh water; fish, from the rapacious pike to the tiny *Gruendling*, were placed in it; and the bottom was tastefully adorned with muscles and all the river-plants of North Germany.

At that time Germany had no aquarium like that of the Prince of Prussia. *Savants* went all the way to Babelsberg to inspect it, and, in 1858, Alexander von Humboldt wrote to the fortunate proprietor:

"Your aquarium, my dear prince, has afforded me three delightful hours of observation. In enjoying its ever-varying charms I asked myself, wonderingly: 'Why has this splendid source of information never been thought of before? Children could have nothing better to amuse and instruct them. Naturalists cannot do without it.'"

The great philosopher returned to Babelsberg a dozen times before his death, for no other purpose than to watch the aquarium. He suggested a number of improvements, which were at once made.

In 1862 the prince, who had then become a king, caused a special building in the park of Babelsberg to be erected for his aquarium. This new structure possessed this peculiarity, that it communicated by a large fresh-water canal with the immense pond in the park, thus allowing the fish in the pond to swim into the aquarium, and *vice versa*.

But the crowning feature of the aquarium of the emperor was added by the construction, close to the fresh-water aquarium, of a salt-water aquarium, of large dimensions, within ten feet of the former. The two aquaria are in communication by means of an ingenious mechanism, which enables the keepers to imitate, in the happiest manner, the flowing out and in of rivers into and from the sea. In this manner naturalists are enabled to observe closely the peculiar movements of fishes that hover near the mouths of rivers, and which are closely affected by the above-mentioned changes in the direction of the waters.

Probably nothing is more interesting in these aquaria than to watch the struggles between fresh and salt water fish. The pike, for instance, which never injures the fresh-water salmon, will at once fall, with desperate fury, upon the hapless salt-water salmon that, through the above-mentioned channel, will venture into the fresh-water tank. An attempt was made to raise some young sharks in the salt-water tank; but it had to be abandoned, all the other fishes fleeing in the utmost trepidation into the fresh-water tank, and refusing to leave it.

Perhaps the most peculiar feature among the aquatic denizens of both tanks is the fact that certain old fishes seem to be endowed with peculiar intellectual powers. There is a trout in the fresh-water tank that immediately recognizes the old emperor, as soon as he approaches, and allows him to feed it with crumbs of cake and bread; and there is in the salt-water tank an old *Dorsch* which will hover near the owner of the aquarium as long as he is near, and which will not leave the glass wall until he has fed it with a few small pieces of meat.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

A MOTLEY procession has been that of the occupants of the Elysée Palace, which the French Assembly has just voted to President MacMahon as his Paris residence, and dramatic have been many of the events which its elegant *salons* and richly-decorated cabinets have witnessed. It has been the abode, at one time or another, of kings and the favorites of kings, of presidents of republics and emperors, of czars and warrior dukes, of sultans and fierce incendiary communist chiefs; and now the virtual dictator enters into possession, to open once more the doors of the Elysée hospitably to the *haut monde* of Parisian society.

It is promised that the presidential receptions shall be in nothing less brilliant than were those of Napoleon III. at the Tuileries. Madame MacMahon, though not a Eugénie either in beauty or attractive grace, aspires to the social leadership to which her husband's office entitles her; and, in the routs and balls, the imposing state dinners and dazzling assemblages of the titled and distinguished, in the presence of the long self-ostracized Faubourg St.-Germain, and of the military comrades of the marshal-president, the charming old palace, in whose boudoirs Pompadour received her suitors, and in whose *salons* Wellington held conferences, will afford to Paris an example of luxurious gayety which will not be in the least likely to be disregarded.

The Elysée stands on a broad square, between the Rue St.-Honoré and the Champs Elysées. It is a handsome edifice, after the Louis XIV. style, approached from the Rue St.-Honoré by a wide-paved court, leading to a high portal and spacious vestibule. On the other side, one of the loveliest of Parisian gardens, which in summer fills the air around with refreshing fragrance, stretches out to the most fashionable of Parisian drives and promenades, from which it is shut in by high walls. Here, in the midst of the city, and within five minutes' walk of the Tuileries, is what is to all intents and purposes a most comfortable château, where the delights of rural retirement may be enjoyed with those of an urban residence. No wonder that the handsome and capricious Pompadour craved it, and that her docile royal lover was persuaded to purchase so romantic a retreat.

After Pompadour fell from favor, Louis used it for himself; then it became the printing-office of the revolutionary government, and, under the Directory, was metamorphosed into a sort of theatre. The Elysée took the first Napoleon's eye amazingly; and, as he was wont to appropriate every thing which his fancy prompted, without very much regard to the distinction of *meum* and *tuum*, it speedily became the "Elysée Napoléon." It was

occupied by the dashing *sabreur*, Murat, who held a little military court of his own there, to be imitated and improved upon not long after in a Neapolitan palace; and, when Napoleon was divorced from Josephine, he sought to give her a proof of his still enduring affection by offering her the Elysée as her residence; which, however, she haughtily refused. Napoleon himself preferred the Elysée to the Tuileries, and spent most of his leisure time there; and when he shot back suddenly from Elba, making fat "Louis of the Oysters" scamper away from Paris as fast as his big legs could carry him, it was to the Elysée that he resorted as soon as he reached his recovered capital. It was in the very cabinet where, years after, his nephew was to concoct the project of the *coup d'état* with De Morny, St.-Arnaud, and Fleury; that Napoleon drew up the plan of the campaign of a hundred days, which closed with Waterloo; thither he hurried from that fatal field, and it was in the Elysée that he wrote, with nervous, straggling hand, his abdication of the imperial crown, and his designation of the King of Rome as his successor. Presently another imperial figure appeared in the delicately-frescoed and gilded drawing-rooms—the tall, fair, and rosy-cheeked Alexander of Russia; to be succeeded very shortly by a figure personally not less imperial, in scarlet coat and top-boots, the real master of the situation—Wellington.

But it was, after all, with the late Napoleon that the Elysée was the most intimately associated. Queen Hortense was lodging there when Charles Louis Napoleon was born; and for his birth-house the third Napoleon seems to have always cherished an affection apart from its historic connection with his famous uncle. As with MacMahon, the President of the Second Republic was installed in the Elysée as his official residence; and there took place the memorable reception, on the night of December 1st, where the grim and silent-visaged president was seen gliding with a quiet smile and gracious words among his guests, and, after which, the hurried, whispered consultation was held in the little cabinet off the saloon, the results of which appeared in the "state-stroke" of the following morning. Once emperor, it was proper that Napoleon should reside in the ancient palace of French monarchs; but the Elysée was kept in hospitable trim, and the emperor assigned to it his most exalted and favored guests. During the Exposition, while William of Prussia, Leopold of Belgium, and Ismail Pasha of Egypt, were provided with apartments in a wing of the Tuileries, a separate residence at the Elysée was accorded to the czar, the sultan, and the Austrian kaiser. Thiers held a few receptions at the palace, though he never took up his residence there; and M. Rouher, living next door, whence he could overlook the brilliantly-lighted suites, was able to contrast the black-coated republican

court with the stars and spangles of the imperial times.

Probably MacMahon is not of the stuff of the executors of "state-strokes;" but nothing is probable in French politics but the unforeseen; and, in the seven years of his presidency, it may be that the place where he resides may suggest to him the possibilities of a power not limited by the *dictum* of a Rump Parliament.

— When Iago assures the unsuspecting Othello that—

"Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:  
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,  
nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he that filches from me my good name  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed"—

there is always an outburst of applause from the sentimental gods of the gallery. It is a sort of philosophy a good many of us are fond of declaiming about, but it is a philosophy that people everywhere almost entirely ignore in practice. We guard the "trash" which Iago so eloquently scorns with all the devices in our power. We fortify it with bar and bolt, we discipline a police to watch over it, we impose terrible penalties upon those who break in and despoil us of it.

But the "good name" which Iago tells us is so precious, and which the auditors, by their applauding responses, would have us believe, think so too, is pretty nearly the most loosely guarded of all our possessions. Not that men and women, as a rule, do not endeavor to so conduct themselves as to escape accusation and calumny; but, while the thief who captures our purse is rigidly punished, the libeler who makes free of our good name is scarcely censured. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that, while we do set a high value upon our own personal repute, yet our generalizations are so loose in the matter that we are always ready to condone the faults of men who make way with other people's reputations. A good, zealous libeler, one who has lively invention, and is felicitous in discovering the vulnerable flaws in our neighbor's character, is as sure to meet our appreciation as the fellow who robs those same neighbors of their "trash" is certain to meet with our condemnation.

But the evil and the vice of scandal, in its ordinary form, have long been topics for the moralists, and it is not our purpose to repeat their lessons here. There is a form, however, of robbing people of their good name which we wish to consider briefly; and, although the good name we have in view is professional rather than personal, it is only a degree less valuable to the owner than reputation for integrity.

A worker in any branch of effort is entitled to honest and fair judgment upon his performance. He has as much right to de-

mand accuracy of statement in that which intimately affects his professional success as in that which affects his reputation for morals. The libeler who undoes character may sometimes be legally reached and punished—although such a result does not occur in more than one instance in ten thousand—but the unfair judgment that destroys professional reputation is rarely even censured. It is not even supposed that the person most concerned has any rights in the matter whatever.

That a man may not have what opinion he pleases upon any topic, or in regard to any subject, no matter what his facilities for forming a correct opinion have been, is a statement that seems to most people simply absurd. The off-hand way in which a critic will pronounce a book trash, even when the book in question is a performance that involved care and study; or a picture good for nothing, even when it exhibits no little power and skill—is something surprising; that is, surprising to a few; the many think that everybody has a right to sit in judgment upon every thing under heaven, by virtue of a free license granted him as a necessary corollary of existence.

"I have a right to my opinions," say all these people, and indeed so says almost everybody. Now, we assert that this is true only under limitations. No one has a right to a wrong opinion. "But who," it is hastily asked, "is to decide when opinions are wrong?" It is not necessary that there should exist a tribunal to decide issues, in order to establish a principle of right and wrong in those issues. Has a man a right to any opinion whatever? Then he has a right to say that, in his opinion, black is white! Do you call this an absurd illustration? It is not an absurd illustration; it is only an extreme one—it is remote, but it is nevertheless a legitimate logical outcome of the proposition that a man has an unqualified right to every opinion that he may think proper to entertain. He has a right only to honest opinions. His opinion may be wrong—in many things it is impossible to determine this—but, in all cases, he is morally bound to take proper pains to be right in that opinion. We deny that a man without a knowledge of an art has a right to give an opinion upon a production in that art. We deny even that a man having a knowledge of an art has a right to give an opinion upon any special production without having first impartially and fairly studied it, mastered the motive of the artist, and measured its execution by some acknowledged standard.

What is opinion in art or literary things but an attempt to measure the capacity of the performer? And shall a man measure any thing by caprice instead of rule? One has no more right to guess whether the sum he is paying another is a definite amount, than he has a right to make a guess in the

rendering of a judgment which is due another. Each man has a right to exact of others these things—respect for his person, respect for his property, respect for his character, respect for his labor. He has a right to exact the last as much as the first. He cannot exact respect for bad character, or for poor labor; he cannot demand indiscriminate praise any more than he should receive indiscriminate blame. The duty of men, in all these things, is to be fair and impartial—to censure no man's conduct without cause, and to condemn no man's professional performances without scrutiny and care and justice. Obvious as this may seem, it is a very necessary lesson for many people to learn.

The right of opinion is not an absolute right—it is a right conditioned upon being honorably and impartially exercised. And some of us might well carefully study the Shakespearean lines with which we head our article, and take care that we render unto every man the justice that is due him.

— We are glad to find the *New-York Times* defending us against some of the aspersions that come from abroad upon our social life. The *Times* has more frequently joined with those who discover nothing in our manners but vulgarity, and in our social virtues only falsehood and pretension, but we are glad to note one instance in which it rises to a better appreciation of its country. The occasion which called forth the *Times* in our defense was the recent statement of the Rev. Dr. Church, the present Dean of St. Paul's, London, that want of love for home in the United States is one of the bad symptoms of our social life. The *Times* proceeds to point out, very conclusively, how erroneous this judgment is. It asserts that, "in no other country of the world has home such power, because in no other country have so many people the enjoyment of that greatest luxury and privilege—a separate home." It shows that among our farmers almost every adult member has a homestead of his own, while in Great Britain the agricultural peasantry are often crowded, several families together, in the same building. The mechanics of almost all our towns, those in a few of the larger cities alone being excepted, possess or hire separate houses and gardens. In many places even the day-laborers have plain little tenements of their own. "Nowhere in the world," it assures us, "is so large a proportion of the incomes of merchants, shop-keepers, and professional people, spent on the house, and grounds, and the indulgences of home-life." All this is indisputably true. In New-York City there is a larger proportion of people who live in boarding-houses than probably in any other city in the world, and from this fact arises the very general opinion entertained abroad, that Americans are a superficial people, fond of excitement, and without that attachment to home and home interests upon which depend the welfare and virtue of every people. But in New York this boarding-house population is

made up of the unusually large floating class which here ceaselessly comes and goes, and is largely composed of foreigners; the settled families here are as fond of homes of their own as people anywhere else in the world. The *Times* might have gone further, and pointed out how almost impossible it is to nationalize the club system in American cities in consequence of the attachment that men here feel for their usually attractive homes. Clubs with us are much fewer in number, and those that have managed to keep alive have very much less attendance than similar places abroad. It can also be shown, we have good reason for believing, that the average American husband gives more of his time to the society of his wife than is the case with the Benedicts in any European country. Among few people is identity of pleasures and occupations with the sexes so general. Travelers hurry through our cities, enter our big hotels, hear of our many boarding-houses, and cry out that the Americans have no love for home, whereas we are justified, by all the facts in the case, in pronouncing America peculiarly and preëminently The Land of Homes!

— An article in *Cornhill*, discussing house-keeping, and recent plans for coöperation between several households, remarks: "At first sight, it may be, there is something rather distressing about the project of possessing only the tenth part of a cook, and waiting to have your coat brushed till the servant who is employed at No. 1 in the street should work all the intermediate numbers to 99." It is a little odd that coöperative plans like those which the *Cornhill* writer discusses should all have arisen in America, and that English people should discover so many objections in them, when it is in England that we have seen for years a very thorough coöperative system in one direction which the Americans have never adopted. We refer to their coöperative newspaper-reading. Our readers are probably aware that very few English people purchase a copy of the *Times* outright; they purchase merely the privilege of reading it at certain designated hours. A copy of the morning's issue is delivered at Mr. Smith's house at seven; at eight a messenger calls for it, and delivers it at Mr. Brown's house; at nine it is transferred from Mr. Brown to Mr. Jones; and so on during the day—the price for this use graduated on a declining scale as the hours recede from the morning. Now, why is not this practical coöperation? What difference is there between waiting for a servant to brush your coat until he has traversed all the numbers in the street, from No. 1 to 99, and waiting for the *Times* until it has done its duty through all the intermediate stages between the first reader and your allotted time? Why, again, is not the English circulating-library system a good exemplar of coöperation? An American ordinarily wants to own his books; the Englishman, on the other hand, is contented with a mere share-holder's privilege. Our Albion friends need not question their national capacity for coöperative house-keeping. Let the device be ever so American in seeming, it has its roots in English practices.

— Mr. Paul Hayne, of Georgia, the best known of our Southern poets, sends us a sonnet on an author well known to the readers of this JOURNAL. We admit it to our columns in this place:

TO "CHRISTIAN REID."

A summer's morn of balm and deep repose!  
An ancient house, whose rafters, dark and vast,  
Speak in mute language of the perished Past—  
While by an open window, whence the rose  
Throws its soft shadow from the garden "close,"  
Sits one, the very rose of maidenhood!  
Her face is pensive, for a thoughtful mood  
Doth touch its beauty, as on stainless snows  
Rests the mild shade of a half-clouded sun;  
Ah, me! what earthly vision lovelier seems  
Than this wherewith mine earnest gaze hath met?  
The uplifted brow! eyes bright with tear-lit  
dreams  
Of love, and fame, and passion yet unwon;  
A virgin Flower, with Fancy's dew-drops wet!

— The following note, from Mr. Frederick Schröder of this city, speaks for itself: "Having seen your biographical sketch on 'Abd-el-Kader' in one of your weekly JOURNALS, after his reported death by telegraph (which seems to be unfounded), I beg to copy the following from a Constantinople paper, from a correspondence from 'Damascus,' dated November 29th, viz: 'On the 30th of April I informed you that the reported death of Abd-el-Kader had no foundation; in fact, I am now happy to be able again to contradict a similar report which has appeared in all the English papers. The great Algerian chief has always been an obstinate man, and he now seems as little disposed to fall in with the plans of news-inventors as he formerly was to comply with the requirements of French prestige. He kept a very rigorous fast, in seclusion, during the *Ramazan*; but he has now returned to his public duties, looking very thin and pale, but otherwise in excellent health and spirits. I transmit it to you for what you may think it worth.'"

— The *Watchman and Reflector* says: "APPLETONS' JOURNAL defends stories from the charge that 'there are silly stories,' by retorting that there are also silly sermons. To be sure, and silly arguments." Bear not false witness against thy neighbor! APPLETONS' JOURNAL defended short stories on the broad ground that the better specimens exhibit qualities and attributes worthy even an intellectual man's consideration, adding that story-writing has the same right to be judged by its best fruits as other forms of intellectual efforts have, and citing that, while there are silly stories, it had also "heard of silly speeches in Congress, dull sermons in church, weak addresses to a jury, bad law from the bench, false science and wrong history in the books."

Literary.

'SATAN, A LIBRETTO,' is one of the most ambitious original works that have come to us from the pen of the artist-author, Mr. Christopher Pearse Cranch; and, in spite of certain shortcomings, it is one which should add largely to a reputation that many believe should be greater than the popular

voice, perhaps, has thus far made it. We have said that the poem was marred by certain shortcomings—and we used the word advisedly; for, in many of its passages, it is possible to see the author's thought to be so far beyond his chosen words, that it is fully evident what quality Mr. Cranch lacks. A deep, fine, and earnest thinker, in whose mind there is a true spirit of the poet, there is about much of his verse a constrained and hampered air that is half painful; it conveys the idea of a man who would revel in a greater and stronger sweep of wing than he permits his muse to try; but who puts upon himself a bondage that is the result of just those qualities which make him fall short of greatness. There are in the poem before us, nevertheless, many passages to which what we have said does not apply—passages where all is accomplished that could have been sought; and verses of great beauty, and of music to which none of their power is sacrificed. We select as an illustration one of the minor divisions of the "libretto"—the "Hymn of a Devout Spirit"—which seems to us to have a right to earnest praise:

"The time shall come when men no more  
Shall deem the sin that blights the earth  
A taint inherited at birth,  
A curse forever to endure—

"Shall see that from one common root  
Must spring the better and the worse,  
And seek to cure before they curse  
The tree that drops its wormy fruit.

"For God must love, though men should hate  
The vine whose mildew blights its grape;  
And he shall give a fairer shape  
To lives deformed by earthly fate.

"Oh, praise him not that on a throne  
Of glory unapproached he sits,  
Nor deem a slavish fear befits  
The child a Father calls his own.

"But praise him that in every thrill  
Of life his breath is in our lungs,  
And moves our hearts and tunes our tongues,  
Howe'er rebellions to his will.

"Praise him that all alike drink in  
A portion of the life divine,  
A light whose struggling soul-beams shine  
Through all the blinding mists of sin.

"For, sooner shall the embracing day,  
The air that folds us in its arms,  
The morning sun that cheers and warms,  
Hold back their service, and decay—

"Ere God who wraps the universe  
With love, shall let the souls he made  
Fall from his omnipresent aid  
O'ershadowed by a human curse."

We have said many things that were not exactly of the nature of praise concerning the previous work of Mr. Henry M. Stanley; and we are glad to have from his hand something of which we can speak in a different sense. In "My Kalulu" Mr. Stanley has certainly succeeded in entertaining, whether he instructs or not, school-boy readers of all ages. Dealing with the marvelous adventures of a young African prince, the book carries us through enough exciting scenes to have furnished Captain Mayne Reid with material for a small library. The possibility of the story is not to be taken as its chief charm; the boyish mind is well known to find its chief delight in things which will hardly bear the test of examination as to the probability of their occurrence. Mr. Stanley's preface is the only thing in the book with which we should be seriously disposed to find fault; and with that, as the boy-readers of the book will undoubtedly let it severely alone, we will not meddle here.

"Diamond cut Diamond," by T. Adolphus Trollope, is a very bright and graceful story of Italian life, designed to show the evil consequences of priestly interference with the family and its relations—consequences which need no showing, but to which we are certainly indebted, in this instance, for a very excellent novelette. Besides its general interest, the book is most valuable for its capital pictures of Italian country-life, all the more valuable because it does not pretend to teach us concerning this, and so avoids the stigma of having that guide-bookish purpose which repels many readers.

Some months ago we noticed a publication of the Messrs. Putnam, "Diamonds and Precious Stones," by Harry Emanuel, the London jeweler. We have now another work of precisely the same title, from Messrs. Scribner & Co. This is a translation from the French of M. Louis Dieulafoy, by Fanchon Sanford, and is in purpose, method, and arrangement, very similar to Mr. Emanuel's book, though its chemical portion is perhaps fuller and more satisfactory.

Art.

THE best pictures of the best painters in Europe are seldom seen in this country, unless it may be some work so peculiarly attractive as to make its public exhibition pecuniarily profitable. Usually the paintings by artists of great note for sale in our galleries are comparatively insignificant, and, although they show the style and method of the artist, are not to be considered specimens of his fullest power. Americans visiting Europe often bring home excellent paintings, as, for instance, those by Cabanel, Turner, and others, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art; but such pictures as these at the museum, everybody is aware, are not often offered for sale.

There is now, however, on exhibition at Schaus's, a very fine picture by Diaz, which, though slight in subject and small in size, is worth a sum which, to a person uninstructed in such matters, would seem monstrous. It represents a little thicket of brownish-green oak-trees, from the shadow of which emerge a hunter and a couple of hounds; a marshy field, with a stagnant pool in it, makes the foreground; and, stretching away into the distance, dark, wind-wracked clouds lie above a cold, pale moon.

Glancing at the painting for the first time, the spectator would be apt to say that the scene was entirely insignificant; but further study could scarcely fail to convince him that the picture is indeed worthy of having been painted by the first of living landscape-painters. Most of the pictures of Diaz that have been seen in this country have been merely fancies, so to speak, in *chiaro-scuro*, thrown upon the canvas, rich in color; but that was all. We are sensible of the robustness that characterizes the pictures by Rosa Bonheur in her delineation of animals, and especially contrasted with the weak though poetical rendering of cattle by Landseer and his school; and we have been called on to admire and appreciate the magnificent horses in Schreyer's "Horse-Trough." The scene of these creatures is reproduced in another way by Diaz in his oak-thicket, twisted and gnarled and rooted in the ground to stand the shock of a thousand winter storms:

"... a growth  
Of intertwined fibres serpentine,



Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved,  
Nor uninformed with phantasy, and looks  
That threaten the profane;

... beneath whose sable roof  
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose decked  
With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes  
May meet at moonlight."

The pictures of George Inness, who has been strongly influenced in his work by Diaz, are conspicuously distinguished by the "moods" of Nature they represent; and, like the works of Inness in poetical feeling, this painting is remarkable for the dreary, pale, white light which glances on the tips of the oak-branches and glints on the distant moors. It is, indeed, a weird landscape, fit to be chased over by the wild huntsman of German story. Added to its intense realism, this painting is a poem on canvas, firmer in drawing than the younger Calame or than Harding, but disclosing, through this positive and magnificently bold handling, a feeling as poetical as inspired Tennyson when he wrote—

"The splendor falls on castle-walls."

It is the impression of some people that "realism" is incompatible with great imaginative power in painting. We believe that the arts are integrally alike, and that the terse language hammered down to its most intense meaning, that enabled Dante to reveal the highest ideal images, is just as susceptible through form in paint, which is but another vehicle of expression, to convey the best conceptions in the best manner; and that, so far from intense realism being a hindrance to artistic thought, it is its only absolute means of transmission. Looked at from this standpoint, this painting by Diaz, the best of his we have ever seen, is very suggestive, and will be the source of immense pleasure to all artists who are so fortunate as to be able to study it.

Mr. Millais, according to the London *Athenaeum*, will exhibit at the next summer exhibition of the Royal Academy the following pictures: "1. Two life-size figures, a young lady seated at the knees of an old sailor-officer, and reading to him some details of maritime adventure from a ship's log which lies in her lap. She is in full face before us; one of her hands is placed in his. Her narrative moves him deeply, and, as she proceeds to read, his emotions are strongly marked on his sea-worn face. It is probably a record of Arctic experiences; the sufferings and fortitude of the voyagers seem to recall his own career in other days. The accessories of the design suggest that Arctic travel and perils are in question; on the wall of the room is a picture of a ship, set in the northern ice. The old man's face tells the story with extraordinary power. 2. A large landscape, probably to be styled "Winter Fuel," and showing a rough timber-track, laden with stems and boughs of lately-cut birch-trees, distinct and beautiful in their silvery bark, which shines in the clear-gray light of autumn which pervades the scene. A child is seated on the carriage, and turns her face away, looking for some one who approaches; a little dog rouses himself at the sound of the footsteps. The view comprises a flat, rough meadow, in rich vegetation and herbage; in the distance appear the ridges of a lofty hill, with pines and other trees clothing its sides, and rising to the sky-line, which is delicately fringed by trees on the remotest edge. 3. Another landscape, a part of a pine-wood; deep-toned tree-stems, with scales and flakes of dark pine-bark rising in the front and mid-distance, the foliage inclosing the top of the picture. The whole has a very solemn

and pathetic effect, notwithstanding the fullness of daylight, not sunlight, which pervades the work. Short vistas, in the middle and on each side of the larger stems, show underwood and dense groups of foliage, boughs, and leaves."

## Music.

THE musical world has had little of interest to distinguish it in New York for the week ending January 10th, except the Wieniawski-Maurel Concerts, which were given at Steinway Hall. These concerts, which will be given in all our cities, will afford the American public the last chance, probably for many years, to hear one of the greatest violinists in the world, and perhaps, taking him all in all, the greatest who has visited the United States at least in our own generation. M. Wieniawski has accepted the leadership of the violin section of the Brussels Conservatory, an institution which has been preëminent in the number of superior violinists it has graduated, and the present are understood to be his final concerts in this country. This artist was brought over from Europe in connection with Rubinstein, and, though the latter was supposed to be put forward as the leading star, it can hardly be doubted that Wieniawski gave at least as much or more satisfaction to the public. For the playing of the latter has never varied in its conscientious finish and perfection, whereas the great Russian always treated his audiences with a very palpable contempt, and only played at his best when he felt thoroughly in the mood, making his actions consistent with the sentiment he was not chary in expressing, to wit, that the Americans had but little artistic sense, and could therefore hardly be supposed to know the difference between good and bad playing.

Whatever the Western audiences may feel at the slight put on them by Mr. Strakosch in leaving behind him his most finished and satisfactory artist, not even excepting Mlle. Nilsson herself, the East is certainly the gainer by this fit of operatic economy. M. Maurel has proved himself the most gifted and thoroughly artistic baritone who has sung on the operatic boards in this country since the days of Signor Amodio. As a lyric actor he is superior to the latter in his best days; in voice, schooling, method, he is entitled to be called at least his equal. A pupil of M. Faure, Maurel is looked on in Paris as the successor of the great French singer, and, if we are to measure his future successes by the profound impression he has made on the musical intelligence of this country, there is hardly any limit to the artistic possibilities of his achievement. Perhaps the public did not fully realize this singer's remarkable capabilities during the recent operatic season in New York. During the concerts just given he has had an opportunity to display the phenomenal power of execution which he possesses. Among this class of showpieces which he has been giving, the "Aria de Bravoura," from the "Siege of Corinth," by Rossini, which M. Maurel has given at each concert, either as a leading number or an *encore*, is full of matchless difficulties. It is rarely that we find, in a soprano or tenor, registers of voice naturally flexible, perfection in executing trills and runs. But when a florid composer like Rossini, who took delight in filling his score with every variety of *floriture*, chooses to burden the baritone parts with such passages, most singers stand aghast. The *aria* we refer to shows the most difficult rou-

lades in the lower notes of the baritone register. The vocal feat of surmounting these difficulties was executed by M. Maurel with an ease, fluency, and precision, which filled his audiences with delight, and testified most conclusively to an artistic greatness that satisfies the most exigent taste.

M. Wieniawski's selections were the same that he has so frequently before given in New York, and therefore it is not needful to dwell on them in detail. Suffice it to say, that the same qualities of consummate execution and sympathetic feeling were no less noticeable. This artist will carry with him from America the sincere regrets and best wishes of all lovers of music in this country. Of the other members of the present troupe, we must speak in tones of very qualified approval. Mme. Schiller, the pianist, is hardly entitled to be called a third-rate performer. This was most painfully exemplified in the third concert of the series, in the interpretation of the duet-concerto, the *Kreutzer sonata*, by Beethoven, with M. Wieniawski, and the solo number, Liszt's "Transcription of Mendelssohn's Wedding March." The *sonata* was almost ruined by the lady's bungling performance, and had it not been for Wieniawski's tact and artistic management, there would have been a most palpable *fiasco*. A similar inefficiency was shown in the "Wedding March." The tempo taken was much too slow, depriving the music of all the fiery rapture and jubilant passion with which it throbs, and transforming it into a *nocturne*, or a solemn funeral-march. Several pages of the most difficult and characteristic passages were ruthlessly omitted, leaving the presumption behind that the lady was conscious of her own inability.

Miss Jennie Bull, the other lady soloist, has a charming presence and a fine contralto voice, but it is by no means distinguished for brilliancy of execution. She is fully equal, however, to the people usually chosen to fill in the chinks of a concert programme, and gives the promise of becoming a superior artist with increase of culture and experience. It is unreasonable to expect all the members of a concert organization to be great artists; and two such stars as Wieniawski and Maurel, with a fine instrumental quartet, should suffice to more than counterbalance other defects. The troupe will make a short tour of Boston, Philadelphia, and other New-York suburbs, and then return to give their final performances in this city.

Among the personal celebrities of Baltimore is a gentleman whose name was prominent during the late war as a sympathizer with the Southern Confederacy, and a *dilettante* experimenter in curious marine contrivances, such as cigar-boats, torpedoes, etc. Mr. Rosa Winans is no less known for his wealth and musical enthusiasm than for his mechanical ingenuity, and both of the former have been brought into requisition in contributing to the attractions of the magnificent establishment which is one of the "show" places of the city of Baltimore. In addition to the finest private music-hall in the United States, perhaps in the world, Mr. Winans has a musical tower in process of erection, which will be fifty feet in height when completed. It is said to be this gentleman's purpose to place in the top of this tower a grand organ. The effects of organ-music under such surroundings may be easily fancied, and the results of the experiment can hardly fail to be sublime in their artistic effects. Mr. Winans has given orders to Pomplitz, the builder, for an organ which will be the largest in the world, not excepting that of Boston celebrity. One of the pipes now on exhibition

is thirty-two feet in length and two feet in diameter. There will be twenty-five bass-pipes of this size, besides a forest of smaller ones. Whether this is designed for the tower, we are not informed; but, if so, it will be one of the greatest musical curiosities in the world. Its strains will be heard over all the city. The suggestiveness and pathos of such grand music, when mellowed by the distance, particularly at night, will make a journey to Baltimore almost worth the while simply to hear it.

According to the foreign musical papers, an ingenious French enthusiast is laboring to perfect a contrivance by which it will be possible to produce, by colors on the eye, an impression similar to that produced by harmonious sounds on the ear. A suggestion to this effect was made by the Rev. Mr. Haweis, in his charming book on "Music and Morals;" but probably he himself rather conceived it as a fantastic and curious thought than as a matter of practicable execution. The idea of a color-symphony is novel and attractive, but probably will never be realized. The analogies between music and painting are striking in some respects, as, indeed, these exist between all the fine arts. We speak of "word-painting," "tone-pictures," "the rhythm of color," etc., but such expressions have more metaphorical than actual truth. It is true that the scale of color is based on the same proportions as that of sound, and the law of combination is much alike in both. But the essential elements of effect, and the means which produce those effects, are so fundamentally dissimilar in the arts, built up on the sensations of sound and color, that our French mechanician will probably find he is dealing with an insoluble problem. The world, however, will look for the results of the experiment with curiosity.

## National and Statistical.

THE article on "The Currency and Finances of the United States," in the last number of the *North American Review*, contains the following passage in regard to our national bank system:

"If monopoly means privileges conferred on a class—privileges which forbid competition, and which entitle those holding them to draw enormous revenues from the people without any equivalent in return—then the greatest and most odious monopoly ever created is the present system of national banks. It is simply a legalized system of usury. The government pays one rate—interest on its bonds in gold. The borrower another on the notes secured by these bonds. The theory was that the notes of the banks would be redeemed from time to time in the United States notes. But such redemptions are never made, for the very good reason that the thing to be redeemed has a higher value than that which is to redeem it. Government is equally behind both issues. Should it become bankrupt, so as not to be able to pay a dollar, still the bank-notes would be worth something, as all the institutions issuing them have more or less capital over and above the bonds deposited at Washington. This double interest on the same capital, together with loans on their deposits, has enabled the banks to earn, on an average, at least fifteen per cent. net, and to pay in dividends at least ten per cent. annually. These institutions have, in fact, pretty nearly eaten up the profits of all other kinds of business. Government pays them an annual gratuity of twenty-four million dollars in gold, and

has paid, in the aggregate, in the eleven years they have been in operation, about two hundred and fifty million dollars in gold, for which not a dollar's equivalent has been returned."

We can but express our surprise that in an article which so generally is accurate and trustworthy, the writer should in this instance so notably misrepresent the facts. Our currency and our bank system are now under close scrutiny and searching investigation, and it is at this juncture specially important that we should have a clear understanding of a subject upon which very few people have correct information. We are at a loss to understand the assertion in the sentences from the *Review* article that we have quoted. No banking system is so simple, so open to all comers, so free from monopoly or class privileges. It is as nearly a free-banking system as has ever been devised. It simply establishes certain conditions under which banks may be organized, and these conditions any person may comply with. No charters are required, no distinctions between persons recognized, no exceptional privileges granted. That should not be called a monopoly simply because it cannot be indefinitely extended. All banking systems have this sort of limitation.

But we are told it is a legalized system of usury. The government pays one rate of interest on the bonds held by the bank; the borrower pays another rate on the notes secured by these bonds. We hear this accusation often repeated. Let us see what the facts really are. According to the method common in many of the States before the war, a bank issued as many notes as its standing in the community would enable it to circulate. It invested its capital in bonds, stocks, bills receivable, all bearing interest; locked them up in its vaults, and then went to work to issue notes on the strength of these securities to any extent it could manage to put out. But, in New York, where the system now known as national was first employed, the bank, instead of retaining its capital in its own possession, and flooding the country at pleasure with its bills, was required, for every dollar it issued, to deposit, in the charge of the State, security to that amount. Under usual methods a bank got interest from the securities its capital was invested in, with the power of an indefinite issue of circulation, while under the New-York system it got interest from its securities, with the power of only a definite and limited issue of notes. If, under this plan, the banks now get double interest on the same capital, they would otherwise get two, three, and sometimes four interests. There was no limitation to their profits but the consent of the public to accept their bills. While the New-York banks were limited in their issues, the New-England banks were placing in the market legally unlimited issues, and paying New-York employers a premium for using their currency in the payment of wages. We have pointed out the sole difference between the two methods. The inconvertibility of the national-bank issues into specie is not a feature of the system; this the system is in no wise responsible for. The present system, first put in operation, as we have already said, in New York, is the best plan ever devised for securing bill-holders. It renders loss, indeed, to this class almost impossible—a mere specie reserve never answers this purpose. It was formerly assumed that a bank should hold specie to the amount of one-third of its circulation, but no law enforced this proportion; and, if it had, this reserve could prove of value only for the ordinary contingencies of the business. A run on the bank

would soon exhaust it, and outstanding bills immediately fall below par. Now, whether a bank is solvent or insolvent, its issues are secured by bonds held by the government, and are always worth their face in legal-tender currency.

Whether a national bank system is constitutional or not is quite another question; whether our banks should be organized under State laws instead of national laws, is also another question—and neither of these is within our present purpose to discuss.

Thanks to the law that requires a copy of every book copyrighted in this country to be deposited in the Congressional Library, that library has increased over twelve thousand volumes during the past year, and now includes two hundred and fifty-eight thousand seven hundred and fifty-two volumes, and about fifty thousand pamphlets. The year has been one of literary activity, the entries for copyright being ten per cent. over the previous year. The additions by purchase have been unusually valuable, including an almost complete set of the county histories of England, which are especially important in this country for the light they throw upon the history and genealogy of American families of English descent.

This library, having outgrown the narrow rooms to which it has so long been confined, it has been determined to erect a new one, from designs furnished by Pelz and Smithmeyer, of this city. The building will be of the Italian renaissance order, and nearly flat-roofed; its capacity is to be two and a half million volumes, capable of enlargement to three million. Its general form will be like that of the British Museum, the interior being arranged for a large central reading-room, one hundred feet in diameter, the four corners to hold eight large rooms for engravings, photographs, etc. The basement is designed chiefly for newspapers and periodicals.

To carry on the Signal Service of the United States requires an annual transmission of over two hundred thousand messages. The principal centre of the Service is at Fort Whipple, Virginia, opposite Georgetown, District of Columbia. From the first station in the Aleutian Islands, from which reports are sent, to those of the northern British coast, there intervenes nearly half the circumference of the earth's surface; and over this large span of territory every important elemental change is reported three times a day. Cautionary signals are displayed whenever the wind is as strong as twenty-five miles an hour, and these signals have often saved life and property along our Atlantic coasts, and on the borders of the lakes. An interchange of the reports between this country and Canada foretells to each people the storms advancing over the other territory. An extension of these stations to the West India isles would probably announce the coming of cyclonic storms, and map their destructive progress.

During its existence of ninety-eight years, our government has concluded two hundred and forty-eight treaties, twenty-two of which bear President Grant's signature. The past year has been important by the introduction of civil service among our diplomats. On the promotion of Hon. J. Meredith Read from the consul-generalship at Paris to be minister to Greece, General Torbert, then consul-general at Havana, was promoted to Paris, and Henry C. Hall was advanced from the consulate at Matanzas to succeed Torbert at Havana.

## Science.

IN accordance with an announcement made in connection with the publication of Mr. Kent's first letter on the Central-Park Aquarium, the best efforts of the JOURNAL have since been directed toward the accomplishment of this important enterprise. It was with this purpose in view that we were prompted to enter at once into communication with leading scientists at home and abroad, with a view to secure their indorsement of our efforts. It was also believed that the opinion of these distinguished persons could not fail of weight on a question with which they are justly familiar. The response that these requests have elicited is very gratifying, and citizens of New York may be congratulated upon securing in their interest such men as Professors Henry, Baird, Huxley, Wilder, and Crosby, with other distinguished citizens. Nor is it the citizen of New York alone who is thus favored, since the successful introduction of an aquarium at Central Park must needs soon be followed by the establishment of similar institutions in all the cities of the Union. As the first installment of these valuable communications, we take pleasure in laying before the readers of the JOURNAL and the citizens of New York the following letter from Professor Joseph Henry:

"SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, WASHINGTON.  
"To the Editor of *Appletons' Journal*."

"DEAR SIR: Your letter, asking my opinion as to the importance of the establishment of an aquarium in Central Park, was duly received.

"In answer to your question, I have to say that the establishment of a series of tanks on an extensive scale, in which the flora and fauna of the sea could be exhibited, would afford a source of popular amusement and instruction, as well as a means of scientific study and investigation unsurpassed by anything which could be devised in connection with the Central Park.

"The invention of the aquarium, which has arisen in the progress of science, has afforded an intimate knowledge, as it were, of a new realm of animated Nature. It reveals, as if by magic, the living forms of animals and plants in their natural element, and enables the curious to watch their motions, their habits, and their general economy.

"I can truly say that, in a late visit to Europe, nothing impressed me more, or more completely absorbed for the time my attention, than the immense aquarial tanks which I saw in several cities of England. In these were exhibited marine animals of species the most diverse, and some of immense size, floating as it were in mid-air, enjoying their existence apparently without disturbance from the scrutiny to which they were subjected by hundreds of inquisitive eyes. Scenes like these cannot but arrest the attention of the most casual observer, and furnish food for reflection to the learned as well as the ignorant.

"The aquarium is, indeed, a never-failing source of enjoyment to the ordinary observer, and an inexhaustible mine of interesting materials for the study of the naturalist. Every thing which tends to arrest the attention of the multitude, to divert their minds from the mere gratification of physical appetite, and to initiate them into the pleasures of the intellect, has a moral effect of the most important character, tending to make the people wiser and better. The ordinary objects exhibited in

museums have always been a source of rational enjoyment, but these are principally inanimate objects, while the aquarium presents the additional attraction of living Nature in her ever-varying moods.

"I, therefore, agree with you in opinion that the establishment of aquaria in our great cities is very desirable, as adding to the sum of the higher forms of human enjoyment, and I earnestly commend the efforts of the editors of *APPLETONS' JOURNAL* to establish them in New York, especially under the direction of the able naturalist who has been spoken of in connection with them. Mr. Saville Kent has already acquired an enviable reputation, not only as the curator of the Brighton Aquarium, but as a scientific investigator; and I doubt not but that he would receive a hearty welcome from the cultivators of natural history in this country.

"Yours, very truly,  
"JOSEPH HENRY,  
"Secretary Smithsonian Institution."

An ingenious and apparently practicable method for transmitting, by telegraph, typographical and other outline sketches, was recently exhibited to the members of the French Academy of Sciences by M. Dupuy de Lome. By the use of this device, any outline sketch can be made to repeat itself upon a sheet of paper prepared for the purpose, no matter what may be the distance between the sending and receiving station. In a word, the signals may furnish tracings for a map, with its irregular lines and curves, just as, at present, they are impressed in a straight line. The methods of transmitting and receiving these sketches, with the general construction of the instrument, is described as follows: "Over the map already made is laid a semicircular plate of glass, the circumference of which is graduated. On the centre is a radial arm, also graduated, which carries on a slide a piece of mica, marked with a blade-point. The latter, by its own movement along the arm, and also by that of the arm itself, can be brought over every point in the glass semicircle. Just before the plate is a fixed eye-piece. Looking through this, the black dot is carried successively over all the points of the plan to be reproduced, and the polar coordinates of each noted. The numbers thus obtained are transmitted by telegraph." The receiving device is constructed in the same manner, and in the same proportion, as that described, with the exception that a pencil-point is substituted for the mica-dot. By this pencil the points designated by the numbers are marked, and from them a tracing is secured, simply by connecting the dots. From this description it appears that the engineer or draughtsman can prepare a message in his own room simply by recording the coordinate points by the designated numbers. This list of numbers is then sent in the form of an ordinary dispatch. The receiver then adjusts his machine, dots the designated points, as made known by the numbers, and a fac-simile of the sketch is secured.

The first statement of the Palestine Exploration Society contains an illustrated description of that interesting archeological relic, the Moabite Stone. This stone was found by Rev. F. A. Klein, August 19, 1868, at the entrance of the ruined Moabite town of Dibon. It is a neatly-cut block of black basalt, three feet eight and one-half inches high, two feet three and one-half inches wide, and thirteen and seventy-eight one-hundredths inches thick, rounded at both ends. Upon its surface is inscribed, in thirty-four straight lines of alpha-

betic writing, the records of the successful rebellion of Mesha, King of Moab, against the Israelitish yoke. On comparing a few sentences of this record with the account of the rebellion as given in the Second Book of Kings, we notice a conformity which in itself is sufficient to establish the authenticity of the latter. In the stone-record, the twentieth line reads as follows: "I took from Moab two hundred men, all chiefs, and fought against Jahar, and took it." The Scriptural account being equally concise, and as follows: "But it came to pass when Ahab was dead that the King of Moab (Mesha) rebelled against the King of Israel." The discovery of this and other similar records in the rocks has added new zest to the labors of these Eastern explorers, and from no class can they demand support with more justice than from the members of the Christian Church, who have no reason to lessen their faith because of these discoveries. In fact, so far the Scriptural record has been confirmed in a remarkable degree by the discoveries of these explorers of Palestine.

The popular protest against the wholesale system of vivisection which has become a feature of modern physiological research, has called forth defensive letters from the workers in this field. Among the most recent and able of these is one from the pen of George Henry Lewes, which appeared in *Nature* for December 25, 1878. In this communication, Mr. Lewes defends the physiologist against the charge of needless cruelty. We fail to see in this mode of defense a just appreciation of the true cause of complaint. It is not that the workers are needlessly cruel, but that they cause suffering without a clear conception of the purpose in view. Like the amateur collectors of butterflies—who do not hesitate to impale their victim, even when at times at a loss to know just what they mean to do with its dried and lifeless body. Of course we must have vivisections, but let them be as few as possible, and, when undertaken, let it be by those who are sufficiently learned to profit by the results, and sufficiently skillful to arrive at these results as quickly and with as little needless cruelty as possible.

If the testimony collected by M. Gimbert regarding the Australian tree, *Eucalyptus globulus*, be substantiated by more thorough investigation, it will be worthy of careful consideration. This tree, which is of very rapid growth, is said to possess the singular property of absorbing ten times its weight of water from the soil, and of emitting a camphorous vapor which possesses the power of destroying miasmatic influence in fever-stricken districts. Owing to its rapid absorption of moisture, marshy ground upon which the tree is planted soon becomes dry and habitable. The judicious planting of this tree at the Cape of Good Hope is said to have completely changed the climatic conditions of the unhealthy parts of that colony. The presence of the tree in Algeria and the island of Cuba was followed by like favorable results. As M. Gimbert has devoted much time and study to this subject, it seems just to receive the evidence presented by him, and it is hoped that Southern planters will regard the subject of sufficient importance as to give the tree a trial on American soil.

As the result of the recent conference of engineers on the subject of the tunnel beneath the Straits of Dover, a resolution was unanimously passed, in which the opinion was expressed that "the establishment of a submarine railway between the two countries should



be declared a matter of public utility." In view of this opinion, it is not surprising that their Northern neighbors, the Swedes and Danes, should desire a similar work beneath the sound that divides their countries.

#### ADDITIONS TO THE CENTRAL-PARK MENAGERIE FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 10, 1874.

- 1 Rhesus Monkey (*Macacus erythraeus*). Continental India.
  - 1 Macaque Monkey (*Macacus cynomolgus*). India.
  - 1 Green Monkey (*Cercopithecus callistrichus*). West Africa.
  - 2 Giraffes (*Camelopardalis giraffa*). Africa.
  - 3 Sea-lions (*Eumetopias stelleri*). Northern Pacific Ocean.
- All placed on exhibition.

W. A. CONKLIN, Director.

### Contemporary Sayings.

IN his lecture on "Missions," delivered lately in St. Paul's Cathedral, Professor Max Müller said: "There are many of our best men, men of the greatest power and influence in literature, science, art, politics—ay, even in the Church itself, who are no longer Christians in the old sense of the word. Some imagine they have ceased to be Christians altogether, because they feel that they cannot believe as much as others profess to believe. We cannot afford to lose these men, nor shall we lose them if we learn to be satisfied with what satisfied Christ and the Apostles, with what satisfies many a hard-working missionary. If Christianity is to retain its hold on Europe and America, if it is to conquer in the holy war of the future, it must throw off its heavy armor, the helmet of brass and the coat-of-mail, and face the world like David, with his staff, his stones, and his sling. We want less of creeds, but more of trust; less of ceremony, but more of work; less of solemnity, but more of genial honesty; less of doctrine, but more of love."

The *Pull Mall Gazette*, speaking of the olden time when watchmen called the hours, says: "People comfortably wrapped up in blankets, on a cold winter's night, felt a strange pleasure in contrasting their own comfortable position with that of the guardian of the streets who was exposed to all the severity of the weather; and the heavy tread of the policeman's regulation-boot, warning thieves of his leisurely approach, is a less romantic sound than the deep, monotonous wail of the watchman. But why should we lament departed noises when we enjoy the steam-whistle? The cheerful note of this nuisance never fell on the ears of our ancestors, who, if they had heard it, would no doubt, like Jubal's brethren when he struck 'the chorded shell,' have wondered on their faces fallen, 'to worship that celestial sound.'"

The *Nation* had one of its rare spasms of geniality last week. It "ventures to say" of Emerson, that "more generations than two or three will owe him much for some of the most genuine poetry that our language has to show; and for a collection of prose-writing, informed with poetry, the fearless and serene sincerity of which, the wisdom, the sound sense, the humor, the wit, the marvelous insight of which, make it a literary treasure that may well move our gratitude. Without it, a different thing life would have been to many a thousand of Americans." And it begs a correspondent to "excuse it for saying that one minute of Longfellow's 'Rain in Summer' takes us farther out-of-doors than all Tennyson's highly-finished and, we admit, most admirably picturesque landscapes, and seascapes, and sky-scapes."

Discussing the recent events in France and Spain, the *Nation* says: "If they taught, as sentimentalists would fain have us believe, that nations could be made great and free by speeches and articles and poetry, by tears and smiles, and vague aspirations and forms of government, we should have good reason to fear the worst for civilization and the growth

of human character. But teaching us, as they do, that the world must still be saved and advanced—as it has all along been saved and advanced—by knowledge, temperance, patience, by fortitude, fidelity, discipline, courage, and industry, it assures us that the foundations of society still rest on things which existed before forms of government were invented, and will outlive all the forms of government we know of."

One of the English reviews thus expounds "the music of the future:" "The Wagnerian system may thus be summed up in a few words: the subject of the work to be not historical nor taken from ordinary life, but legendary, with an essential significance easy to seize; the drama to be set forth not in broken recitative, relieved from time to time by dances in violent contrast to the recitativo background, but in continuous melody, the melodic design being shaded and colored by the orchestra, which interprets and comments upon the action, like the choruses in the Greek drama; melodies in the conventional rhythmic forms to be tolerated for marches, choruses (whose part is not to be confounded with that of the chorus-like orchestra), and dance-music."

Grace Greenwood, in her last letter from Colorado, describes a typical "poor-white" family of Missouri, careless, shiftless, and intolerably lazy, the daughters of which were accustomed to go barefoot till the soles of their feet became as hard as horn; and then tells this story: "One of these young ladies, on coming home one day from a long tramp in the rain after the cows, was standing on the hearth drying her clothes, when her old mother drawled out, 'Sal, thar's a live-coal under—your—foot.' The girl slightly turned her head, and drawled back: 'Which—foot, mammy?'"

The *Saturday Review* says: "What the United States are to the rest of the world, Chicago is to the United States. It is the concentrated essence of Americanism. The peculiar state or temper of the human mind in which material growth and extension are its only objects, and all its forces are concentrated with the utmost intensity on these, has never been so perfectly developed as in the United States; and, if we were asked what city in that country showed that temper in its most energetic form, we might possibly think once of Boston or New York, but should certainly relinquish them for Chicago."

Dr. Robert Chambers tells a good story in his "Scrap-Book," of a Mr. Erskine, of Dun, who "had an old man-servant, who took great liberties in virtue of his long and faithful service. He had grown quite gray in the family, and no one thought of taking amies almost any thing he said, though he often spoke very bitter things. At length, getting into an altercation one day with his master, he so far forgot himself as to call Mr. Erskine a leech. 'Well, Gabriel, this cannot be put up with any longer; we must part at last.' 'Hoot, toot, laird; where wad your honor be better than in your ain house?'"

"It is an unfortunate part of the human constitution," says the *Saturday Review*, "in *propos* of Christmas, 'that our emotions show no tendency to periodicity. We are in pretty much the same state of mind in winter and summer, except in so far as the direct influence of external circumstances is concerned. A frost may spoil our tempers by pinching our fingers, and a fog may lower our spirits by affecting our bronchial tubes. But we are not subject, like some of our animal and vegetable ancestry (we speak after the manner of Mr. Darwin), to annual gushes of sentiment."

Even the English papers have got hold of the back-pay question, and the *Spectator* gives us this bit of advice: "Never pay your representatives if you can avoid it, for trading politicians are public nuisances; but, if you must pay them, pay them higher than any other civil servants whatever, till they do not want to steal. Every day, however, increases the evidence in favor of the former plan, which is not unjust, inasmuch as any constituency, either in America or in England, can give its member a salary if it likes."

A collection of anecdotes about "juries," in *Chambers's Journal*, tells of "twelve obstinate backwoodsman, who, sitting upon the body of an Indian, undeniably done to death by the random shooting of the guardian of a potato-plot, made things pleasant all round by pronouncing that the unlucky savage had been worried to death by a dog; and, that not satisfying the unreasonable coroner, altered their verdict to 'Killed by falling over a cliff;' and stuck to that version spite of all remonstrance!"

Mr. Hayward, an English essayist, says of Mr. Gladstone: "The extreme subtlety of his mind, while supplying him with an inexhaustible store of replies and rejoinders, causes him to rely too much on over-refined distinctions, and on casuistical modes of reasoning. During Garibaldi's visit to London, it was suggested that a noble and richly-jointed widow, who was much about with him, should marry him. To the objection that he had a wife living, the ready answer was, 'Oh, we must get Gladstone to explain her away.'"

The *Times* scouts the idea that native Americans are physically degenerated as compared to the foreign element in our population. It says: "It will be found, upon investigation, that the children of Irish parents, born and bred in our cities, are not only lacking, in a very marked degree, in the robustness and vitality which the Irish man and woman seem to possess when they land here, but that, as a rule, they are much inferior in those respects to the children of families which have been 'native' for some generations."

"There is no talk more tiresome," says the *Tribune*, "than that which has to do with the *salon* in America. There is no *salon* here; every house containing a clever, well-bred, hospitable family has the *salon*. But for the French *salon* proper, the result of centuries of cultivation, wit, ease, idleness, caste, habit of society, and money—that is another thing. It is out of all character with the age and conditions of the country—it does not suit with the American mind."

The *Spectator* observes that "princes, as a rule, do not commit suicide;" and yet "this is the fate of all cadets of the royal houses—to live in the glaring light which beats upon a throne, yet retain none of its advantages; to be bound in invisible but impassable bonds of ceremony, yet enjoy none of the power which still clings to the mystical kingship; to be servants, and yet equals; to enjoy none of the freedom of actual life, yet always to pose as if they were its heads."

Froude, writing of the project for restoring the monastic orders in England, says: "'Cursed is he that rebuildeth Jericho.' Never were any institutions brought to a more deserved judgment than the monastic orders of England; and a deeper irreverence than that of the Puritan lies in the spurious devotionism of an age which has lost its faith, and with its faith has lost the power to recognize the visible workings of the ineffable Being by whose breath we are allowed to exist."

Caligni tells of a snubbing which Prince Bismarck received recently at the hands of a rival statesman. "The prince has undertaken to have German adopted as the language of diplomacy; and, in pursuance of his plan, he sent a note, the other day, to Prince Gortschakoff, who replied in Russian. Now, as Bismarck does not understand Russian, he had to send for a translator, and is said to have been very much irritated at the result of his experiment."

Speaking of the different aspects of the same thing to different observers, the *Tribune* says: "One auditor sees nothing in the *opéra-bouffe* but a chance for hearty laughter; to another it is grossly immoral. The lover of Shakespeare is blind to the coarse meaning in the fine wit; the boor in the gallery chuckles over it. To the strict church-goer, *Hamlet* and *Juliet*, with all the gay following, are on the highway to hell."

Mr. Beecher, in a recent sermon on "Heroworship," said: "So long as the world stands, we shall admire the intellectual force of Napoleon; but, as the world grows older, it will less

and less call him a full hero, because in his disposition and nature he was malign, without moral principle, and without any spiritual instinct. He was a hero on the lower plane of life."

A curious story is current in London to the effect that Mr. Ruskin lately sent a colored drawing to one of the metropolitan picture-galleries. It represents the base of a pillar, but, owing to the absence of shade, the hangers were puzzled, and hung the drawing the wrong way up. Luckily, the mistake was discovered and corrected at the private view.

The *Funfulla*, of Florence, has an article on Rubinstein's playing in that city, of which the following is the climax: "At the last day St. Peter will call Rubinstein, and say, 'Play that piece by Schumann thou didst perform at Florence.' Then the shade of Rubinstein will sit down to a shadowy piano-forte, and at the crash the dead will wake!"

The *Riverside Bulletin*, in its last issue, lays down the following as literary law: "The person who writes, he who publishes, and he who buys an unnecessary because feeble or ignoble book, is an offender against economic virtue, and an obstacle in the way of sound literature; the poor book is not an obstacle, but every one who helps it on its way is."

The *Times* says: "In spite of the jeremiads of the social education reformers, we are well persuaded that even

'Ladies who commit the frightful sin Of saying they are out when they are in,' will have little to reproach themselves with if they do nothing worse."

Alexandre Dumas, speaking to a visitor of his numerous books, said once: "I wrote them all myself, and much more besides; and yet there are fools who say that I employ others to write my books. It would have taken me more time to read other people's writing than to write myself, to say nothing of having to correct it."

Gail Hamilton says, piously: "No man can go into an airy, pleasant church, sit down in peace among his friends and neighbors, and fall softly asleep to the sound of holy words from holy lips, without great gain to the life that now is, and, I believe and trust, with no loss to that which is to come."

Professor Woolsey predicts that "in the end the Treaty of Washington, in 1871, will be a document to which England will look back with pride. Instead of being an argument against arbitration, as it might be to many now, it will be a precedent and a security for the peace of future times."

The *Nation* says of the newspaper "reporter," in his present state of evolution, that "with equal ease he impeaches a president, rejects the nomination of an attorney-general, lays down the international law, repeals the salary act and frames a substitute, or plays the humbler rôle of coroner's detective."

A London photographer advertises: "In consequence of the daily increase of accidents by railway, the public are earnestly requested to call at —, and have their portraits taken, that some memento of departed friends may be left to sorrowing survivors."

The *Athenaeum* says of a recent French novel that "it is as well written and as immoral as his novels usually are, and that the most immoral parts of its many immoralities are the author's 'moral reflections' on the actions of his own characters."

An indignant correspondent of the *Golden Age*, lamenting the decline of the theatre, asks the editor to explain the reason why the "Black Crook" has run so long. The editor "doesn't know, but supposes it is of account of having so many legs."

A North-American Reviewer, speaking of German caricatures, says: "They are often beautifully drawn, but with dreary letter-press covering more space than the illustration. The earth trembles when the German skips."

The *Christian Union* says: "It may be true, as has been once or twice alleged, that

the wise men come from the East, but we are half inclined to believe that the good fellows live out West."

The *Golden Age* says: "We are fond of 'sweet sixteen,' but we know a better form for it than a newspaper."

The *Times* calls the personal-advertisement column of a contemporary "The Devil's Chapel."

The *Saturday Review* observes that English theatres "are most amusing when they borrow most largely from the French."

The *Christian Union* has decided, once for all, that "no man who uses seven-story words can take rank in literature."

The *Tribune* prints this as the only respectable pun it has heard for years: "One-legged soldiers should be re-membered."

## The Record.

### A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

**JANUARY 8.**—Advices from Madrid that the entire Spanish army reserve has been called out for active service. Explosion of a powder-magazine at Cartagena.

Fatal boiler-explosion at Bolton, England; two persons killed and eighteen wounded. Bark Frank Younger, from Pictou, N. S., for Havana, burned at sea; crew rescued.

Serious effects of the recent storm in Connecticut; three villages submerged.

United States Senate repeals the bill of last session increasing the salary of senators and members of House of Representatives.

**JANUARY 9.**—Advices that the Spanish Cortes has been dissolved; election for a new body will be held as soon as order is rendered secure. Don Carlos and General Elio, with twenty-five thousand men, have entered Santona. General Moriones has been reinforced. The Carlists completely surround Bilbao, and are about to renew their attack on Portugalete.

Caleb Cushing nominated by President Grant for Chief-Justice of the United States. Large fire at Helena, Montana; the city almost totally destroyed.

Intelligence of the death of Mrs. A. Cabot Lowell, at Cambridge, Mass., well known as a writer and instructress of children; also of John B. Thompson, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky, at Harrisburg, Ky.; and Judge R. E. B. Baylor, at Independence, Texas.

Advices that President Baer, of Santo Domingo, is at St. Thomas, W. I.; had left Santo Domingo by arrangement with General Gonzalez, chief of the revolutionists, who had permitted him to withdraw, and guaranteed the safety of his friends. The revolutionists in possession of the capital. Insurgent movement in Hayti suppressed, and leaders arrested.

**JANUARY 10.**—Report of an intransigent insurrection in Barcelona, Spain. Fort Montjoi opened fire on the city.

Advices that the steamship Sherman, of the Merchants' Line, bound from New York to New Orleans, sunk off Little River Bar, N. C.; no lives lost.

Death, at Newark, N. J., of ex-Mayor Moses Bigelow, aged seventy-three years. Intelligence of the death of Judge Benjamin C. Franklin, one of the founders of the Republic of Texas, at Galveston.

**JANUARY 11.**—Report that the Spanish Cortes will not be convoked for one year. Report that the Carlists have captured Portugalete, and opened a heavy cannonade on Bilbao.

Advices from Matamoros, Mex., state that the forces of General Zepeda have again been defeated, and Dr. Silas elected governor. General Escobedo, Governor of San Luis Potosi, has retired, and Manuel Muro has taken charge as provisional governor.

The famine in India causing great distress at Bahar and Benares.

**JANUARY 12.**—Announcement that the Cartagena insurgents ask for terms of surrender.

Advices that the provinces of Madrid, Avila, Cuenca, Ciudad Real, Guadalajara, Segovia, and Toledo, Spain, have been declared in a state of siege. The Carlists are reported to have captured three companies of republican troops.

Advices from Cape Coast Castle report that the King of Dahomey has sent heavy reinforcements to the Ashantes.

Accident on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad; one man killed, and several wounded.

Advices from Central America state that President Gonzales, of San Salvador, has proclaimed Levia as President of Honduras, against the will of that republic. United States minister Williamson was endeavoring to re-establish peace among the several states, and had proposed a meeting of the five presidents of the different republics to take into consideration the needs of the country.

**JANUARY 13.**—Allen G. Thurman reelected United States Senator from Ohio. Lieutenant-Governor Withers elected United States Senator from Virginia.

Fire at the residence of Jacob Stiner, a well-known and wealthy merchant of New York, in which he, his wife, and daughter, lose their lives.

Business-quarter of Natick, Mass., destroyed by fire. Large fire at Boston, in which Fleming's book-binding is destroyed.

Surrender of Cartagena, Spain. Generals Contreras and Galvez, and other members of the insurgent junta, fled to Algeria, and surrendered themselves to the French authorities.

**JANUARY 14.**—Advices from Santa Fé, New Mexico, report many outrages by a gang of Texas desperadoes. An encounter had occurred between a party of Texans and the constables of the town of Placitos, in which three Texans and one officer were killed. The Texans fled to a ranch six miles distant; were pursued by the sheriff and a posse of twenty men, who were met by a company of fifty armed men, and were forced to retreat. Subsequently the same gang attacked a house where a wedding-party was being held, killing six men, four women, and wounding many others.

Nomination of Caleb Cushing for the office of Chief-Justice recalled.

An insurgent steamer attempting to escape from Cartagena captured, with five hundred refugees. The Mendez Nunez, with a party of insurgents, has succeeded in reaching a French port. The Numancia has been surrendered by the insurgents to the French authorities at Mers-el-Kebir. Gatierriz, president of the insurgent junta, was on board.

Revolution in Yucatan continues. Federal commandant is moving against the insurgents.

## Notices.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

**NEW SUBSCRIBERS TO APPLETONS' JOURNAL**, for 1874, remitting fifty cents extra (\$4.50 in all), may receive the JOURNAL from the beginning of Christian Reid's story, "A Daughter of Bohemia" (Oct. 25th)—ten numbers for fifty cents! This offer is made exclusively to new subscribers subscribing for the whole of the ensuing year, and will hold good only to February 1, 1874.

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